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Eliza Giffard & Verquies Flintshire
RIGHT AND WRONG;

OR,

THE KINSMEN OF NAPLES.

A ROMANTIC STORY,
IN FOUR VOLUMES.

BY MARY JULIA YOUNG,

AUTHOR OF

Rose Mount Castle, The East Indian, Moss Cliff Abbey,
Poems, &c. &c.

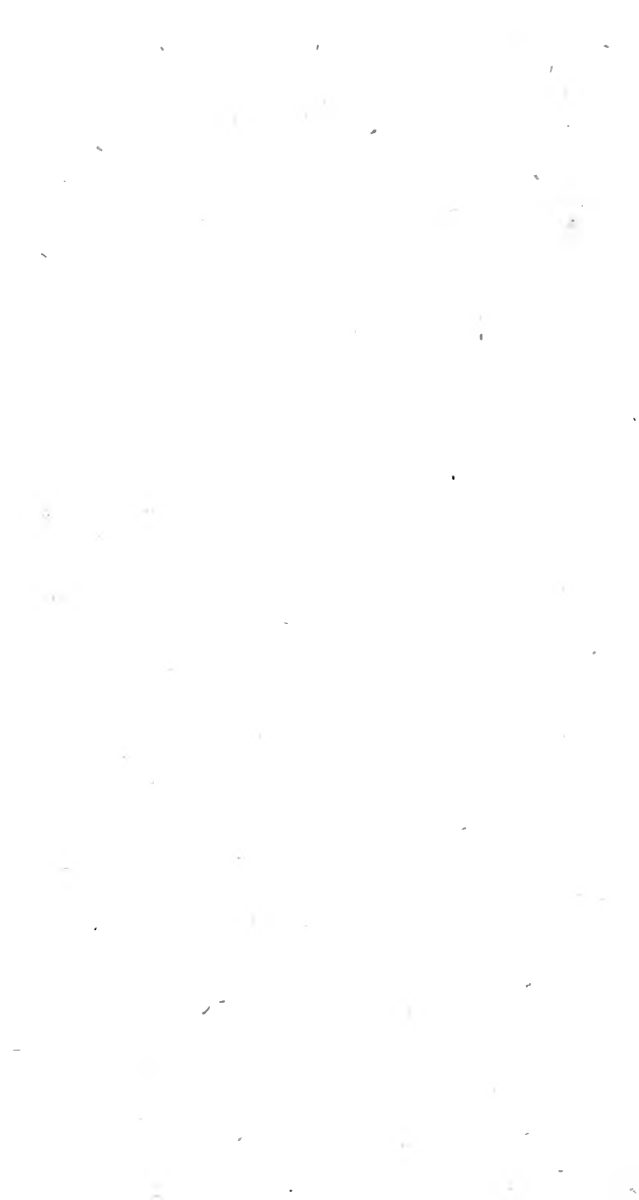
VOL. I.

—— They both are bright; but one
Benignly bright as stars to Mariners;
And one a Comet, with malignant blaze
Denouncing ruin. *The Brothers—Young.*

Who by Repentance is not satisfied,
Is nor of Heaven nor Earth. *Shakespeare.*

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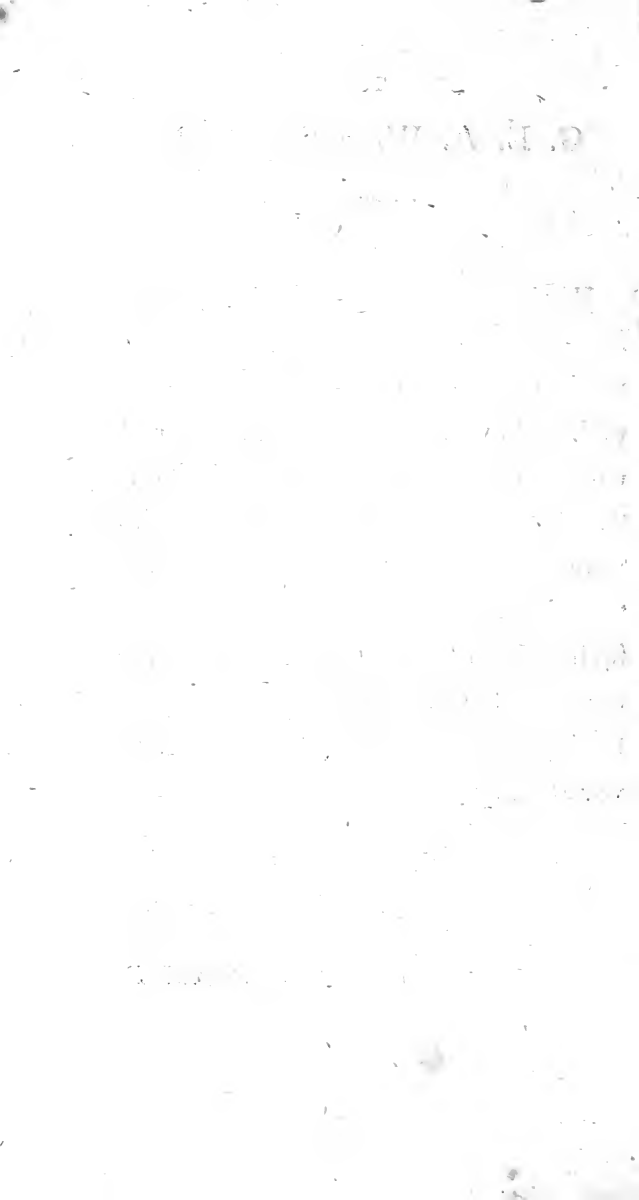
G. E. A. WRIGHT, ESQ.

SIR,

WHILE I was confidering to whom I should inscribe the following pages, the voice of gratitude, eloquent in your praise, convinced me that there is a real character who will appreciate the fictitious one of Duvalvin; who will exclaim from his own heart, glowing with the truest liberality, " I would act thus in such a case!" That conviction is the only excuse which can be made, for presuming to dedicate so trifling a work to you, Sir, by

Your most obedient, and
most humble Servant,

THE AUTHOR.



RIGHT AND WRONG;

OR,

THE KINSMEN OF NAPLES.

CHAP. I.

The Visit postponed.

ONE morning, as Lorenzo di Rozezzi and Frederic Duvalvin, nephews to the Conte Pliantini, were going to pay a visit to the Marchesa del Urbino, an old peasant passed slowly and carefully by them, with an humble bow; he was leading a mule heavily laden with fruit.

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The poor peasant had not proceeded many steps when the wheel of a gay carriage, which rolled hastily and carelessly past, caught against one of the panniers of fruit, and pulled it so forcibly that the feeble beast fell beneath his burthen.

No one happened to be near to whom the distressed old man could apply for assistance; he stood gazing in silent affliction, unable to lift up the panniers, that the prostrate mule might be released from their weight until he recovered his legs.

The compassionate Duvalvin beheld the embarrassment of the peasant, and could not stand an idle spectator; he thought that his youthful strength could never be more nobly employed than in
assisting

assisting feeble age: he relieved the poor mule, replaced the panniers, and gave the peasant money, much more than was sufficient to pay for the fruit which had been damaged by the fall, and immediately, without hearing the effusions of a grateful heart, followed Di Rozezzi, who had walked on. When he had overtaken him, Duvalvin said,

“ Why did you not lend your aid, Lorenzo ; the peasant, enfeebled by age, was scarcely able to give me the least assistance? Poor old man ! I fear he will suffer from his anxious exertions.”

“ Your dress, Frederic, has suffered finely from your officiousness; what a dirty figure you have made yourself.”

“ I am a little muddy, to be sure, but what signifies that? I can very soon change my clothes, and cleanse my hands from the spots which defile *them*: if inhumanity sullied my *heart*, the stain would disgrace it for ever.”

“ That is severely said, upon my soul! You are a most eccentric being, Duvalvin, a very Quixotte in the cause of *humanity*. This morning, for instance, you came out glowing with pleasure in the delightful expectation of beholding beauty and conversing with wit. I observed that you had taken more than common care to render your appearance fashionable, yet you ran into the mud up to your ancles, to assist a decrepid beggar and a blind mule, without considering
the

the consequences which would attend such an ill-timed act of charity."

"Can a deed be ever *ill-timed* when it relieves decrepitude and blindness? Poor old man! no one was near to help him except us. He saw the fruit he had laboured to rear (the whole stock, perhaps, of his cottage garden), and his mule, the blind, the worn out partner of his toil, lying on the ground, overturned by the glittering equipage of luxury, and dreading that the next which carelessly whirled by would destroy them quite, and deprive him even of that scanty and laborious means of providing for his humble family. I have extricated him; I have given him a temporary relief, and feel more real satisfaction in having done so, than even the enchanting looks and

sensible conversation of the Marchesa have power to bestow."

"What would she think of you if she heard that ungallant declaration? The neglect of not going when she invited you, when you promised so faithfully too—unpardonable. What excuse can I make for you? It is *now* beyond the appointed time. I shall tell her the truth."

"Say what you please for me. I wish you an agreeable morning, my dear Lorenzo, although my visit must be postponed."

CHAP. II.

The Marchesa.

LORENZO proceeded to the Palazzo del Urbino, and found the Marchesa alone. Without rising from the sofa on which she reclined, she held out her hand, and said,

“ I am glad to see you, Di Rozezzi—Are you alone?—Where is the philosopher? He promised last night at the Opera to come with you, and take a part in the trio with which I am so enchanted—is he coming?”

“ No, charming Marchesa ; for as we were coming along he formed a trio in the street with an old peasant and a blind mule, and rendered himself unfit to appear in your presence.—There is no being sure of such a fellow as Frederic, who is always seeking adventures.”

“ And such as *he* seeks are easily found. His character pleases me, it is so singular. Do not look grave, Lorenzo ; you have studied the art of pleasing with success, but you are no *novelty* ; to the men you are polite and agreeable, to the women, attentive and flattering ; yet I have frequently observed your eyes disagree with your expressions ; and when you have addressed your own sex with friendship or submission, I have seen jealousy and scorn in your looks ; and
while

while entertaining the fair sex with the language of adoration, I have beheld in your dark eyes proud self-consequence, and sometimes cold contempt for the *divine* object of your pretended idolatry."

"What my *eyes* may have expressed to other females I cannot be answerable for, but I am sure they were never *false* to my heart when I have had the honor of addressing the Marchesa del Urbino."

"Oh no! I assure you they are not false to your heart, for they confess its *self-sufficiency*; they constantly tell me that you have been too successful an admirer to fear a repulse from any one, and that you will grow most insufferably proud and vain if you do not meet with

a few salutary mortifications now and then; if I have the least power over you, Di Rozezzi, I will exert it to your advantage, and, by pointing out your faults, endeavour to make you relinquish them."

"If *you* think me *worth* improving; if *you* condescend to correct my errors, I shall have much greater reason to be proud and vain than ever I had."

"Oh! if I find you grow worse instead of better from my sincerity, I shall give you up as an incorrigible creature, and bestow my attention on a more docile pupil."

"Form my manners as you please, I will bend submissively to your opinion—
do

do not talk of giving me up, unless you wish to annihilate me.”

“ No, no, it is your *errors* which I wish annihilated, not *yourself*: I have some hopes of your improvement already ; your *look* corresponded with your *speech*, it expressed humility. This morning the Marchese told me that the Conte Cefario is gone to Rome on some affairs of state, so you shall be my Cicisbeo while he is absent, and when any other engagement prevents you from attending on me, Duvalvin shall take your place.”

“ I assure you that Frederic will make a very awkward Cicisbeo ; he is a stranger to all the little delicate punctilios which attend the pleasing office—he is too de-

ficient in gallantry—you will be ashamed of his negligence—he will not read your looks, and anticipate your wishes—he will be too careless and inattentive to do that.”

“ And yet I think he is *too sensible* to be *inattentive* when Del Urbino teaches him to be agreeable.”

“ He *ought* not.—I hope you will find him an apt scholar.”

“ You do *not* hope it, Lorenzo; therefore to punish your duplicity, and to correct the erroneous opinion which you seem to have formed of Frederic Duvalvin, I will give you his *true* character. He possesses beauty and elegance without vanity, learning without pedantry,
dignity

dignity without pride ; he is *master* of the fine arts and fashionable games, and scorns to be a *slave* to any of them ; his humility is *noble*, his sincerity *polite*, and his courage is the silent magnanimous offspring of philanthropy ; in short, no mortal composition can be more exquisitely harmonized than Duvalvin's, and Heaven adorned it with a soul so pure, that it seems to throw a divine radiance around him. I am sure if a celestial Being deigned to visit our sphere in a sublunary form, he could not assume a more pleasing one than your cousin Frederic's."

"Curse his form ! I detest his perfections—I hate him !"

"Di Rozezzi !"

"Pardon

“ Pardon me! but it is too, too much. I cannot hear *you* praise him so extravagantly with calmness.—It is *you* who make me *hate* Duvalvin.”

“ What! for his perfections! No one ever hates another for possessing merit, unless he be conscious of his own deficiency.—Can it be possible that you, Lorenzo, have so mean an opinion of yourself?”

“ Charming Marchesa, you mistake the cause of my hatred; I am not jealous of *his perfections*, but of the praises you bestow on them. If he rival me in your favour I shall abhor him.”

“ Then you will be extremely unjust, because he never wishes to *rival* you in

my

my favor, nor, I believe, in that of any one else.—And do you not agree with the general opinion of the world, that a perfect character, however it may claim our admiration, is not so likely to engage the affections as one something less perfect?”

“ Can any one admire without loving?”

“ Certainly.—Love is a passion too strong to be guided by reason, and consequently is not always bestowed upon the most deserving.”

“ Then I may yet hope to be preferred to Frederic.”

“ Undoubtedly you may, *humble* Lorenzo!”

“ You

“ You revive me; I am blest! let Duvalvin be a *Deity*—I will not envy him—far rather would *I* be a happy mortal beloved by *thee*, enchanting Del Urbino!”

“ I did not say a word of *myself*, Lorenzo—yet, as your eyes expressed humility, I will pardon you—gallantry can only disgust when it is accompanied by confidence.—I will now contrast *your* character with Duvalvin’s; and I am convinced you will not be dissatisfied with yourself. In your exterior learning and accomplishment, you are in no degree inferior to your kinsman Frederic; it is in your opinions that the difference lies; you think an austere look and a proud demeanor becoming, because you see them adopted by most
of

of the Italian Nobility. Duvalvin thinks haughtiness disgraceful to a man of sense, however exalted his rank may be in the world. *You seek applause and patronage from the great; he, self-approbation, by patronising the distressed: you are a bigot to your religion and country; he is a citizen of the world, he wishes to emulate the virtues of every nation, and fears not to abjure the errors of his native land. You are carested by those with whom you associate, because they find you accommodating and agreeable; Frederic is disliked by many people, for tacitly condemning their conduct by the rectitude of his own. You, Lorenzo, love to lead the fashion in dress, and are followed because you have an elegant taste and a graceful deportment, while Duvalvin endeavours to correct in his*
own

own dress the extravagant modes of others, rather than to attract observation by inventing new ones; and, to conclude, *you* indulge in luxuries and avoid fatigue; *he* gratifies himself and others by disinterested acts of benevolence, and scorns toil and danger to extricate a fellow creature from misery. I have taken a just sketch of your characters, Lorenzo, and you admire your own far more than you do Duvalvin's; you know that the fashionable world admire it also, therefore be contented, nor envy the amiable Frederic for having virtues which you are not desirous of cultivating in your own breast.— Yet remember, Di Rozezzi, how fatal it may be to yourself and him if you nourish *there* such destructive passions as envy, jealousy, and revenge—if encouraged,

raged, how very soon do *they* become despotic tyrants over the mind, and destroy its tenderest affections—they compel a man to commit the blackest deeds—they urge him meanly to hire the mercenary bravo, or daringly to plunge the stiletto *himself* into the bosom of friendship. Pardon me, Lorenzo, if I have spoken too warmly upon this subject; but, from the knowledge which I have of your disposition, I cannot help fearing that you will some time or other fall into those dreadful errors, too common among the Neapolitans of a similar turn of mind—”

“Heavenly powers! can all this be real! am *I* a villain—a *villain in your opinion*, and Duvalvin a Deity! May curses——”

“ Stop,

“ Stop, Di Rozezzi, nor let your own lips again convince me that you are *such*——When you say you *hate* Duvalvin——when you *curse* Duvalvin, your looks too well agree with your horrid expressions; they discover your heart——they let me read what passes in it, and you *know* that I have read it *truly*——yet be not alarmed, I will not betray you——”

“ I am not the wretch you think me. Do not *abhor* me——do not *banish* me.”

“ If *you* will banish your *faults* I will *not*——you shall be my Cicisbeo, and while you guard my *person* from danger, I will return the obligation by guarding your heart from errors which may ruin its happiness——I know that your aunt by too great indulgence has rendered it
proud

proud and stubborn; unaccustomed to reproof, you will find it very difficult to make it bend submissively to my corrections, although you are to be annihilated if I give you up.—Poor Lorenzo! this has been a severe lesson—do not *forget* it—I am wearied with talking, and you with listening.—If you find no *discord* in your *temper*, I shall be glad to see you this evening with Duvalvin—I want you both to assist in my concert.”

“ Yes, all-powerful Marchesa! you shall see the influence that you have over the heart which you think proud and stubborn—upon my knees I swear that you shall have full dominion over it—it is yours—do with it whatever you please.”

“ I thank

“ I thank you, my dear Lorenzo; be assured that I shall set a proper value on the trust you repose in me. I will correct its foibles with lenity, and regard its good qualities with partiality—I think the soil is good, and I will endeavour to extract the weeds and cultivate the flowers.—Until evening I must bid you farewell, Di Rozezzi.”

The haughty Lorenzo could scarcely brook reproof from the most beautiful lips; nor did he like that even the brilliant eyes of the Marchesa del Urbino should search into his soul, as he knew that it was sullied with many errors, which he was too careless or too indolent to eradicate. Both his interest and inclination impelled him anxiously to engage the favour of the Marchesa, who, although

although she was past the bloom of youth, was extremely beautiful, very captivating in her manners, and allowed to be one of the most sensible women in Italy.

The Marchese del Urbino was truly deserving such a wife; theirs had been a match of love; and notwithstanding he beheld her continually surrounded by admirers, he never once doubted her fidelity, which he knew to be guarded by religion, good sense, and affection.

It is true the Marchesa exerted the power which her beauty gave her over men of gallantry, but she exerted it not to *corrupt*, but to *improve* their morals; and as she imperceptibly extinguished a criminal passion in their hearts, she
kindled

kindled the pure and permanent flame of sincere friendship. Even men of the loosest principles adored *Virtue* when they beheld her adorned by the Graces, enshrined in the unfulfilled bosom of the fascinating Marchesa del Urbino.

Lorenzo di Rozezzi was one of her most obsequious adorers, and his vanity flattered him with hopes of success. He feared no rival except Duvalvin.—Jealousy and envy clouded his brow, while he said to himself,

“ Why do I hate Frederic?—in what does he excel me? He is not assiduous to please—Can he have charms in the eyes of those women whom he scorns to flatter? Perhaps he may—the sex are perverse, and delight in novelty; it
has

has hitherto been the pride of Duvalvin to behold them with indifference, and no doubt it will be the *pride* of Del Urbino to conquer that *indifference*—I must, I *will* prevent it.—Frederic Duvalvin shall be the *slave* of beauty—but not the Marchesa's—*no*—he shall be subdued by a more *artful*—more *capricious* beauty—*prudent insensible* Frederic, you shall not be the rival of Lorenzo.”

Di Rozezzi paused—he was at the villa of Signora l'Abandoni, it was the abode of pleasure, and Lorenzo was too great a voluptuary to forsake it entirely, although he had worn the chains of the Signora long enough to be weary of them.—Until *now* he had disliked the idea of introducing Duvalvin to Corinna l'Abandoni; but since the Marchesa had

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destroyed her power over his own heart, he wished that her arts might be so powerfully exerted to gain his cousin's, that it could not long resist. Lorenzo knew l'Abandoni admired Duvalvin, and he relied on her charms for the removal of so potent a rival from the Palazza del Urbino, where he himself was ambitious of being the most favoured guest.

CHAP. III.

The Aunt.

AT his return home Duvalvin wished to pass unnoticed to his apartment, but was obliged to speak to the Contessa Pliantini, who was sitting in her dressing room with the door open. Surprised to see him, she said,

“How is this, Frederic! have you been disappointed, that you are returned so soon? Is the Marchesa from home, or indisposed? Tell me why you are come back. Where is Lorenzo?”

“ At the Palazza del Urbino. A circumstance happened as we were going there which has prevented *me* from paying my respects to the Marchesa as I intended.”

“ Negligent, stupid boy! what circumstance *ought* to have prevented you from keeping an appointment which conferred honour on you, unworthy as you be? Did not all the young men at the Opera last night behold Lorenzo and you with envy when they heard the elegant Marchesa so particular in her invitation? Good Heaven! where have you been, Frederic? what a dirty figure you are!”

“ Not fit to appear before you, indeed, my dear Aunt; but when you
spoke

spoke to me I could not pass without answering."

"And now answer me, Signor, how came you to be in that pretty condition? what mischief have you been doing?"

"No *mischief*, Contessa; I have been only giving a little assistance to a distressed mule driver."

"Frederic, will you never leave off being so mean—so ridiculous; why do you not follow the example of your cousin Di Rozezzi, and other young men of fashion?"

"Because I prefer following the dictates of humanity—"

“ Nonsense—I have no patience with you—elegance, politeness, every thing which becomes your station, must be continually sacrificed to your plebeian fancies.—Lorenzo is an honour to us, he graces our family, and the education which your Uncle has bestowed on him; while *you*, ungrateful boy, instead of rewarding the Conte Pliantini for his liberality to you, are perpetually disgracing him by your vulgar conduct.”

“ I have never been ungrateful to my Uncle, nor a disgrace to his family.—To the Conte Pliantini’s generosity I owe the title of scholar; to his rank, that of *noble*; a still *higher* title I have received from *Heaven*, that of *man*, which I will endeavour to support in such a manner that it shall give lustre to
the

the other two, or else the poorest peasant I can meet may be a far more exalted character than the nephew of the Conte Pliantini."

"I sincerely wish you were *not* his nephew, since you set so little value on the title. I never knew such a provoking creature! How are you to be promoted? what are you fit for with such strange low notions? is your Uncle to protect and support you for ever?"

"That Lorenzo and I are at present leading an inactive life in the Castella di Pliantini is contrary to our inclinations. You know, Contessa, that we have frequently solicited my Uncle to let us serve our country, and that he continually puts us off by tenderly asking us if

we are weary of his society and wish to quit a home which he endeavours to render agreeable to us by behaving in every respect with the most paternal affection.—Duty and love both compel us to obey the Conte, and surely you cannot think either Lorenzo or myself *blameable* for our *obedience* to so kind an Uncle.”

“ Were you like Lorenzo I should have no reason to blame you; *he* never makes me angry—his behaviour is just what it ought to be upon every occasion, and *yours*, I am sorry to say, quite the reverse.—It is only throwing away good advice to talk to you, therefore you need not disgrace my apartment any longer by your dirty appearance; I am ashamed to look at you; go and make
yourself

yourself fit to be seen, you shocking figure !”

Duvalvin gladly received his leave of absence from the Contessa, whose proud and frivolous manners were so extremely disagreeable to him that he found it difficult at times to pay her the respect due to her as the wife of his Uncle ; while Di Rozezzi behaved to her in the most flattering and obsequious manner, and preserved a decided preference in her affections. Duvalvin beheld her partiality for his cousin without envy, yet sometimes he was apprehensive that her endeavours to prejudice his Uncle against him might prove but *too* successful.

The Conte Pliantini was affectionate and good tempered, but extremely fond

of adulation, and easily biassed by those who gratified that weakness. The Contessa was handsome, vain, and ambitious; her address was specious, and her manners fashionable; she had an unlimited power over the Conte, whom at her marriage she had found greatly attached to his little nephews, who were the orphan sons of two beloved sisters; he had taken them under his care in their infancy, and the Contessa expressed no objection to their residing with their Uncle, nor to his making them his heirs if she should not bring him any, which happened to be the case.

As the boys grew up Lozenzo became her favourite, and she secretly wished that the Conte would make him the sole heir to his fortune; nor did she despair
of

of seeing *that wish* gratified, as by her artful insinuations Lorenzo grew every day dearer to the Conte, and the unsuspecting, generous Frederic more and more indifferent to him; for such an implicit confidence did he place in the judgment and penetration of his beloved wife, that he seldom took the trouble of thinking for himself: to his partial eyes the Contessa appeared all perfection, and he almost hated every one who did not seem to be of his opinion; and the sincere Duvalvin was frequently so unfortunate as to incur his displeasure by firmly supporting the cause of reason and good sense, when the Contessa chose to argue contrary to both; while Di Rozezzi engaged his affections by never contradicting her opinion, however absurd it might be.

At present the Contessa's design was, by reflecting on Duvalvin's dependent state, to rouse his pride, and induce him to enter into the army; where, by following the dictates of his courage, he might, perhaps, in a short time leave her favourite no competitor to his Uncle's fortune or regard.

CHAP. IV.

The Valet.

WHEN Duvalvin entered his own apartment, he found his faithful servant Marco repairing an old violin, and smiling said to him,

“ Are you going to commence musician, Marco, or to increase your income by repairing instruments ? ”

“ Neither, my good master ; for the *first* I want *talents*, and I have no necessity to make a *trade* of the *other* while
you

you are so kind as to let me be your servant.—Ah! my dear Master, I am trying to string this fiddle for a poor little boy, who will call for it presently; I have kept it to some purpose all this time if it will get him a few pence, poor fellow! I am sure your heart would have ached as mine did, had you seen his distress after a proud insolent puppy broke his violin.—Curse the ill-natured action—”

“ Be calm, my good Marco, and tell me how it was.”

“ I carried the money as you ordered me, Signor, to the poor shoemaker, and he blest you a thousand times for your generosity. He says *that* sum, and the great order which you have given him
for

for boots and shoes, will be the making of him; and his wife and children too were all so grateful, poor things! it made me so happy to leave them rejoicing over their *riches*, for such it was to them, that when I heard the little fiddler playing merrily, my heart danced gaily to the tune, until a young, unfeeling, fine-dressed fellow struck his cane upon the violin, crying affectedly, ‘ Ah, you little devil, what an infernal scraping you make! There, imp of discord! not a word, or I will break your *head* as well as your Cremona.’ The unfeeling puppy swaggered into a coffee-house just by, laughing, I suppose, at the mischief he had done, while the poor child looked after him with *such* a look! It said a great deal—it was a *noble* look! I wish you had seen it, Signor.”

“ I do

“ I *do* see it, Marco; it expressed conscious worth, an humble and innocent soul struggling against poverty and contempt.”

“ Yes, so it did, my dear Master; but it did not last long—grief drove it away. When he looked at the broken violin he did not cry *loud*—No! yet I saw the big tears roll down, they fell upon the useless instrument—Then, looking up to Heaven he said softly, ‘ Now I am distressed indeed!’ Sobs interrupted his words—I took his hand, and led him silently towards our gate; I could not *speak*, and my poor *one* eye was so filled that I could scarcely see my way; however I made shift to tell him to call here in an hour, and I would give him another violin. He kissed my hand,

this

this which has lost two fingers; he missed them, and pressed it to his affectionate bosom—then, observing my lame leg, he said, “Have you been a soldier?” and when I answered ‘yes,’ his grief was more violent, and I could just hear him say, ‘Oh! my father! had *you* lived, even *so mutilated*, I should have been happy!’”

“Marco, I must see this child. Be cheerful, my good fellow, I will provide for your little friend. You know that you may rely on my word.”

“That I may, my Master: you love to do good, or you would not have taken such a poor cripple as I am into your service, half lame, and half blind; every body despised me but your dear self.

self. No! you did not think an honest fellow was to be thrown away like rubbish, because he had had the misfortune to lose an eye, to have his leg splintered, and two of his fingers shot off, while he was fighting for his king and country. Heaven bless you for it! you thought the trunk was worth preserving, though a branch or two were a little blighted."

" I did, my friend, and have not been deceived ; although your frame is a little shattered by the chance of war, your heart is *perfect*, my faithful assistant in deeds of benevolence. That *wounded* leg is *strong* when I send you to relieve distress; that *mutilated* hand feels no *impediment* when it is extended to succour the unfortunate; and that *one eye* is *illuminated* with a double portion of pity's brilliant

brilliant gems when it beholds a fellow creature in affliction. O Marco! what should I do with such a thing as Lucenio fluttering about me? I wonder Di Rozezzi can keep such a vain puppy."

"No doubt Signor di Rozezzi finds him very useful; he is an excellent servant for a man of pleasure, as he is perfectly acquainted with the secret histories, not only of the most famous Bonarobas, but also of the principal families in Naples. Then he boasts of being expert in carrying on private intrigues, and of having preserved many reputations by his artful manner of delivering and receiving letters; and he brags of having frequently saved his master's life by attentively watching the motions of jealous rivals. Then he says, that Signor

nor

nor di Rozezzi is looked up to as the model of fashion, because he leaves the whole management of his dress to the infallible Lucentio, who would be caressed, and thought a treasure by every man of quality, for the elegance of his taste and the quickness of his invention; yes, *Lucentio* would be *prized*, and *poor Marco* be seen with *disgust*, spurned away like useless lumber by *all* but *you* Signor."

"Your character of Lucentio is *just*, but your opinion of the Great is *too* severe: many of our Nobles possess excellent hearts, and if they *knew* your *worth*, my honest Marco, they would esteem you as *I* do."

"No, my Master, *no*—I have lived a great many years in the world; I have
been

been in various parts of it; fortune has thrown me among the great and the little; and as in the sky I could never see but *one* sun, so upon the earth I can only see *one* Signor Frederic Duvalvin; and if *he* were to discard me I must beg in the streets."

"You are too partial, Marco; you turn your *blind* eye to my *faults*, while the other magnifies the few qualities which Heaven has bestowed upon me. Go and see if the little boy is at the gate; if he is, bring him to me."

CHAP. V.

The Young Musician.

MARCO soon returned, and introduced to Duvalvin a boy about ten years of age; his clothes were rather soiled, but genteelly made, his skin and his linen were perfectly clean; luxuriant ringlets of light auburn hair partially shaded a beautiful and most interesting countenance, from which early misfortune seemed to have banished the gaiety of youth; when presented to Signor Duvalvin his deportment was humble
but

but not embarrassed; the hand which affectionately pressed his he modestly touched with his lips; and lifting up his dark blue eyes, they expressively solicited patronage, while timidity deprived him of words.

The confederate Frederic led his little guest to a table, and desired him to eat some cakes and ices while he looked out some music. When the child had eaten a few of the lightest cakes and one glass of ice, he returned thanks for his repast in so polite a manner that Duvalvin, looking at him with astonishment, said,

“ My dear boy, to whom do you belong?”

“ Alas! Signor, to *no one*.—I am an unhappy,

unhappy, destitute orphan, and quite a stranger in Naples.”

“ Sit down, my poor fellow, and tell me what has reduced you to a state which, by your manners, must be new to you. Place an implicit confidence in me, I will be your friend.”

The grateful boy again pressed Duvalvin's hand to his lips, whilst tears glistened in his eyes, and it was some time before his full heart would let him articulate.

“ Will you, Signor? will you *indeed* be my *friend*, and save me from distress—from beggary?—I hope I shall *deserve* your kindness—I am sure I shall endeavour to do so.—I was born at M——,
my

my mother died three years ago;— my father was a Colonel in the cavalry, and greatly esteemed by the Prince for his bravery. In the late attack my father lost his life; he repulsed the invaders with ardor, and *fell* covered with wounds—he saw not the enemy spreading destruction over his native land—I did. Immediately on the death of my father, his only brother, who had always lived with us, fled with me from the approaching horrors of war. So precipitately were we obliged to quit M—— that it was impossible to secure any part of his own or my father's property—to preserve *my* life, and to place me far from hostile terrors was his chief care; therefore, with only a purse of pistoles, a large packet of manuscript music, and his unfortunate nephew, did my

dear uncle proceed to Naples, where he was sure of finding friends who would patronize him, as his talents for composing had made him regarded as one of the first professors of music in Italy.— Perhaps, Signor, you may have heard of Enrico Arioni, the composer.”

“ His compositions are well known in Naples, and highly esteemed. I have many of them, and admire them greatly; and are *you his* nephew?”

“ I am indeed, Signor; he always lived with us. I was named Enrico after *him*, and to that dear uncle I am indebted for a skill in music above most children of my age.”

‘ Where

“ Where is your uncle *now*, that you are so destitute ?”

“ He is *dead*—were *he* alive *I* should not be *destitute*.”

“ Pardon me, my dear boy ; and if it will not distress you too much, proceed with your narrative.”

“ It is a very melancholy one, Signor. My poor uncle was taken ill upon the road, and with difficulty reached Naples, where, taking the first lodging he could find, he went to bed, and before morning he was delirious: I called up the mistress of the house, who sent for a doctor and a nurse—I could only weep by the bed—on the tenth day he expired, without having had *one* interval of per-

fect sense.—My sorrow was inexpressible —I seemed as cold and as inanimate as my *dear* uncle, whose corpse I never quitted until it was forced from me to be buried—*meanly buried!*—for our hostess told me that she had expended all the pistoles during my uncle's illness, and was obliged to bury him partly at her own charge; she said, also, that she must put me into the Hospital for distressed Children if I could not earn my living, but that I was welcome to sleep in the lodging until it were let, if I could find any way of getting food. This offer I thought was very kind, and I did not fear recommending myself to the notice of some benevolent person if I took my violin, and played near the gardens of the elegant villas which I could see from my window. Luckily my
uncle

uncle had purchased a violin at a town through which we passed, or even *that* resource would have been denied me. To my great mortification, little success attended my performance, which attracted only the domestics and a few passers by; they, however, were charitably inclined, and gave me enough to preserve me from starving."

"Why did you not introduce yourself by name to some of the Nobility?"

"I could not take courage, Signor; I flattered myself that some amateur would, by asking me a few questions, spare me the disagreeable task of *obtruding* my miserable tale upon strangers.— For three days I have been a sad wanderer;

derer; and when the *cruel* man broke my violin, and I found myself in a moment rendered unable to procure even a morsel of bread, the same blow seemed to break my heart. But this *good* man snatched me from wretchedness—he brought me to you, who will not let Enrico Arioni be a beggar in the streets.”

“ I will *not*, my dear child! What have you done with the manuscripts which you mentioned?”

“ I have them safe at home, Signor; as I knew they were very valuable, I thought it better not to do any thing with them until I had found a disinterested friend to direct me in the disposal of
of

of those sacred relics of my uncle's genius."

" You have proved yourself a faithful guardian of such a treasure; your discretion in this point evinces an understanding far above your years. Go, Marco, with Signor Arioni to a warehouse where he may be furnished with genteel mourning, and every article of apparel suitable to his birth, then discharge his lodging, and bring away all that belongs to him. When you come back I will hear you play, Enrico—you will be more composed."

" May all the Saints in Heaven bless you, my Master! How happy you make poor Marco, who could do no more for

him than string an old violin. Ah! my dear little boy, your troubles are all over, for Signor Duvalvin is your *friend*, and he *never* forsakes the *unfortunate*.—Come, my young Signor——Nay, nay, dry up your tears; why do you weep *now*?”

“ Ah! my good friend, when I was almost starving I rejoiced that my beloved and respectable uncle did not share my wretchedness—but now—*now* I lament that he cannot partake of my good fortune; this kind Signor regards *me* on my uncle’s account; O then how much more would he have esteemed my dear uncle *himself*! who perhaps died for want of good advice——”

“ Aye,” said Marco, shaking his head,

head, “ I wish that Signor Frederic had known the minute you arrived, then nothing would have been wanting ; however it cannot be helped now ; we must not repine ;—I hope he is happy !—We must be thankful for the blessings Heaven thinks fit to bestow upon us.”

“ I *am* thankful *indeed*—my heart glows with gratitude to *you*, my *first* friend, and to this good Signor ; my *generous benefactor* !—yet, I cannot help feeling the loss of my father, and of my uncle, who was a second parent to me—both have been torn from me within two months.—Forgive me, Signor—I cannot help my tears.—My soul supported excess of misery with more fortitude than it can your liberality ; the voice of affection has awakened all my sensibility

—I feel my *sorrows*—I feel my *obligations* to you, my noble patron, more, far more than I can express——”

“ Your sensibility charms me, my beloved child; your tears need no apology, they do you honor—restrain them not, they will relieve your oppressed heart. The afflictions which you have suffered came with dreadful rapidity; your father’s death, sudden and terrific; your flight, dangerous and fatiguing; your uncle’s illness attended with circumstances of horror; and your own destitute situation at his death; *all* conspired to *petrify* your heart. Friendship has softened it, and tears alone can relieve its sensations.—Sit down, and endeavour to recover your spirits. Before you go out, Marco, lay my things

things ready for me to dress, then you need not be confined to time; and make our young friend drink a glass of wine, and eat some more cakes, or put some in his pocket."

CHAP. VI.

The Refusal.

THE good Marco performed his master's orders with exactness and delight in regard to Enrico, whom he endeavoured to enliven by giving him Signor Duvalvin's character, with which he was enchanted; his young heart also experienced a great degree of pleasure at seeing the complete and genteel wardrobe that Marco provided for him, and he returned to his benefactor greatly improved both in dress and spirits.

Duvalvin

Duvalvin seeing him cheerful, desired a specimen of his musical talents: Enrico selected a lesson from the manuscripts, and shewed such brilliant skill in the performance that Duvalvin was astonished, and, trying him in pieces which he had never seen before, the youth displayed so much judgment, and such extraordinary abilities, that he exulted in the treasure he had found, for he knew that when Enrico was known he would be regarded as a prodigy in all the fashionable circles. Frederic, whose soul was harmony, wished his family to share in his entertainment, he therefore led the young musician into the saloon, and presented him to the Conte, Contessa, and Di Rozezzi, as the nephew of the celebrated Arioni; the Contessa and Lorenzo smiled contemptuously, while

while the Conte, assuming a haughty look, said gravely,

“ Frederic, you presume too much; this house is *mine*, not *yours*, young man, and I will not have it made an hospital for beggars.—What do you mean by such a proceeding?”

“ He means, *mio caro*, to make his beggars our companions, you see—What an insult this is, Duvalvin, to the Conte and myself! That boy was begging in the street this morning, and *now* you introduce him to us as a guest—for shame!”

“ Send the boy away immediately, Frederic,” said Di Rozezzi, “ his presence offends my aunt. I wonder why
you

you brought him here——send him away.”

“ Lorenzo, you do not know what you say when you desire me to put away this youth—You, who are an excellent musician yourself, and an admirer of genius, will not treat Enrico with coldness when you have heard him play. To *you*, Contessa, I shall make no apology. I introduce to your notice one who will grace your concerts—you will be proud of his talents; and *you*, my uncle, have no reason to be displeased, or to call me *too presuming*, for seeking your patronage for this young stranger, who will be received as a treasure in the first palazzas in Naples.”

“ Frederic, we are not to be imposed
upon

upon—we already know his history, and will not admit vagabonds into the *castella di Pliantini*.”

“ Your uncle is perfectly right—indeed he always is so—who knows but an itinerant fidler, although he be a *child*, may admit a banditti in the night to murder us? or, even supposing he be honest, do you imagine that I will have a poor wanderer seen to play at my concerts, let his abilities be what they may. I am amazed that you could have such an idea—Bring a *beggar* among *Nobility*!”

“ Revolutions, *Contessa*, have rendered *Nobility* beggars: a greater kingdom than *this* has been overturned, pride has been humbled to the dust; this child,
born

born to affluence, is driven from one part of Italy to another for protection ; we ought to patronize him while it is in our power ; ere long, perhaps, we ourselves may be compelled to seek for refuge in a *foreign* land.”

“ Heavenly powers defend us ! how you talk, Frederic Duvalvin, the very *thought* is treason ! You, with your low principles, are laying a foundation for a revolution, I believe—You make no distinctions—you are a Democrat—a Leveller—Indeed, mio caro, you are too good-natured—too easy—I am shocked to death to hear him say such horrid things.—This perverse Frederic abuses your indulgence, and despises your instructions ; why does he not follow the noble example you set him ? but
here,

here, *here*, in Lorenzo di Rozezzi, behold your true copy—Frederic Duvalvin is surely some changeling—he cannot be allied to *you*.”

“ I almost think he is *not*—I am out of patience with him as well as you are, my Contessa.—Remember, Frederic, that you yourself are only a dependent on my bounty, and you ought not to *impose* upon my generosity. I have been so indulgent as to let you keep one poor cripple in the Castella, although he is a very unfit object to be seen among the domestics of a Nobleman, and your aunt is so shocked at the sight of the blind, lame creature, that she is forced to turn away whenever he approaches her—yet, as I say, I have indulged you in this ridiculous whim when certainly

an

an hospital would be a much fitter place for such a figure; and now you have brought home a loathsome beggar boy, whom you picked out of the street, and impertinently bring him into my presence.—Your eccentricities grow inexcusable—You think that I am proud, unfeeling, and cruel—I am *neither*; I only know how to set a proper value on myself;—reflect on the impropriety of your behaviour, and I know that you will be sorry for it.—Send the child home directly, and I will forgive your folly in having brought him here.—Frederic Duvalvin, if you expect that the Conte Pliantini is to behave like an affectionate uncle to you, remember that you must act in every respect as becomes his nephew. Come, cara sposa, we will take
a turn

a turn in the garden—give us your company, my dear Lorenzo.”

Di Rozezzi immediately gave the Contessa his hand, and they followed the Conte into the garden, on which the saloon opened. Duvalvin was greatly surprised and vexed at their haughty conduct; he had depended on their hearing the child play, and knew they all had judgment to appreciate his genius, particularly Lorenzo, who he was sure would not have sacrificed his taste to pride: he imagined that the officious Lucentio must have given an exaggerated account of the boy, which had so cruelly prejudiced them against him, notwithstanding his very genteel and interesting appearance.

The

The disappointed Duvalvin still held Enrico's hand, and blushed to think the sensible boy should have met with a reception so unworthy of himself, and so *disgraceful* to those he had been introduced to. Enrico felt hurt a *little* upon his own account, but *much more* on that of his liberal minded patron, who was so severely reprimanded for his goodness to him—then did Enrico's grateful heart swell almost to bursting—his tears would have flowed in abundance, but they were checked by indignation; and while the Conte and Contessa spoke to his amiable benefactor of their own *dignity*, he scorned them for their *meannefs*. When they were gone, while Duvalvin stood silently reflecting on the absurdity of their behaviour, the poor boy no longer refrained from weeping. Duvalvin heard
his

his fobs, and felt his tears fall upon the hand which held Enrico's—He said,

“ Do not weep thus, my beloved Enrico, I *will not* forsake you.”

“ Yes, *do*, Signor, abandon *me* to my fate—be not embarrassed about me—you have been too good—I will *ever think* of you with gratitude—but let me *be still* a wretched wanderer, rather—yes, rather than be an encumbrance to you——”

“ How your fobs distress me! be not so afflicted, dear Enrico—I will find a better home for you than *this*. I should have been happy to have kept you here, and I know that when my relations are acquainted with your talents, they will
sincerely

sincerely repent of their mistaken pride—do not form a bad opinion of them—they have been biaſſed by ſome miſ-representations—if they had condeſcended to have heard you, they would be ſenſible of your merit, and eager to patronize you.—This evening I will introduce you where I hope you will meet a more agreeable reception.”

“ I ſhall be happy any where if I can ſee you, Signor, very often.—Oh, my generous benefactor! my appearance will not *now* diſgrace the apartments I am admitted into through your means—for *you* have clothed me liberally.”

“ Go, pratler, and fetch your muſic, and tell Marco to order my carriage immediately.

mediately.—Stay, you are a stranger, and will not find your way—I will go with you.”

CHAP. VII.

True Liberality.

IT was to the Palazza del Urbino that Duvalvin conveyed his young charge. The Marchesa was alone, and receiving them with a captivating smile, said,

“ Now you are very good, Signor Duvalvin, this early visit makes amends for my disappointment this morning.”

“ I ought indeed to apologize—”

“ An act of humanity needs *no apology*, my dear Frederic.—I hope, in imitation of the knights of old times, you are going to present that pretty boy to me, to be my page.”

“ I am, indeed, amiable Marchesa; he is a distressed orphan, a fugitive from —, he is a stranger in Naples; I have *no* house of *my own*, and am forbid to keep him in the Castella di Pliantini; I came thus early on purpose to solicit your protection for him. His father was slain in the defence of his country; my honest Marco, compassionating the friendless orphan, whom he found wandering in the street, brought him to me; too soon I found that it was impossible for me to afford him an asylum, without displeasing *those* on whom *I am* a dependant—You will
shelter

shelter the unfortunate child, for you have a liberal mind."

“ You compliment me highly, Signor Duvalvin—I have children of my own, therefore I must feel for this dear boy, and take charge of him with pleasure. Welcome *home*, my child, the Marchese del Urbino and myself will ever behave to you with parental affection.”

Enrico upon his knee kissed the Marchesa's hand; then turning hastily to Duvalvin, pressed *his* ardently to his bosom, but his happiness and his gratitude were *too great for words* to express; tears of delight trembled in the Marchesa's eye, whilst she said tenderly,

“ My beloved boy, this proof of your
F 2 sensibility

sensibility charms me; I find Signor Duvalvin has given me a treasure which I shall value extremely.—You are no *common* child—your manners surprise me.”

“ O excellent Marchesa! you are *truly liberal*, and will, I hope, be rewarded by the conduct of this boy, whom you so nobly consent to patronize, knowing him as only the *child of misfortune*.”

“ As such he has surely the *greatest claim* to my protection. What is the name of my adopted?”

“ Enrico Arioni; his father was a Colonel in the Prince of ——’s cavalry, and his uncle *was* the *composer* Arioni—
he

he is just dead, but I think he will live again to the world in his nephew, whose dawning genius promises a bright meridian; that packet contains the manuscript works of Signor Arioni; you shall judge of their value, and of Enrico's abilities, before your company arrives, if you can afford us so much time—the business of your toilet seems finished.”

“Just completed before you came, *luckily*, for *now* I should think the time lost if I were obliged to give up a *real* entertainment for that frivolous employment. It is yet *early*; before you play give me a sketch of your history, my little Arioni.”

Enrico obeyed the Marchesa, to

whom he gave a concise yet interesting account of his former happiness and his subsequent troubles, with which she was extremely affected. When he concluded, she exclaimed,

“ O that excellent Marco! I shall always behold him with pleasure; my dear boy, you must be ever grateful to that good man. The servant is like the master, I find, he takes a *delight* in *doing good*.”

“ Yes, my dear Marchesa, Marco has a most excellent heart; the casket is damaged, but the *gem* which it contains is *unblemished*; poor fellow! it is a pity that he should be despised! yet there are too many in the world who cannot
look

look beyond the exterior, and in the eyes of *those*, he appears despicable.”

“ Both the Marchese and *I* love to study characters, and we have found great entertainment in talking to your Marco and your cousin’s Lucentio; the plain sense, real worth, and humility of the former, are an excellent contrast to the affectation, frivolity, and pert vanity of the latter. But now for my promised entertainment, or we shall be interrupted; we will go into the concert room, where the instruments are all ready. Come, my child, and favor me with a piece of your admired uncle’s composition: how sincerely do I regret that so celebrated a genius is so soon lost to the world.”

Enrico had been too much accustomed to play before Nobility to feel himself embarrassed, and performed with great taste and execution; the Marchesa was enchanted, and whispered Duvalvin,

“ Oh! you dear creature! what a present you have made me! This boy and his manuscripts are worth a dukedom, and were I a Queen I would reward you with one.—A pleasant scheme has just entered into my head, which *you*, Frederic, must assist me to execute; your family will be here this evening, and it will gratify me exceedingly to surprise them with an invisible concert. Behind that silk curtain is, you know, a saloon, where refreshments are prepared; *there*, concealed, Enrico shall play a concerto, you will accompany him on
the

the bafs, and other skilful amateurs whom I will choofe fhall affift.—After I have enjoyed the furprife and pleasure of my guefts, the curtain fhall arife flowly, and difcover my little mufician, who I will introduce in a proper manner when the piece concludes. Enrico, if you fee among my vifitors the fool who broke your violin, take an opportunity to point him out fecretly to *me*, for I have a great notion he is fome puppy of fafhion, a *pretender* to tafte, whom I fhall like to mortify. As the evening is beautiful, we will amufe ourfelves in the garden until the company come—Were you to play *there*, my little Orpheus, I fhould expect to fee my trees dance.”

CHAP. VIII.

Recrimination.

WHEN the expected guests were assembled the concert began by a grand overture in the great room, which was succeeded by a delightful concerto composed by the late Signor Arioni, and performed by his nephew, behind the curtain, as had been proposed by the Marchesa, who had taken her place by the Pliantinis and Di Rozezzi, in order to observe their remarks, and she heard them with pleasure bestow the highest encomiums

encomiums on the piece and the invisible performer. The Marchesa said,

“ Your approbation charms me ; I am extremely gratified by being enabled to give my friends such a mental feast.”

“ Negligent Frederic,” exclaimed Lorenzo, “ where can he be ?”

“ Gone upon some of his own ridiculous whims, I suppose ; perhaps to see his beggar boy safely lodged in the hospital. I wish he were a little like other men of fashion. O Marchesa ! are you not vexed to see such a difference between my two nephews ?”

“ I own that there is a *great difference* in their manners and disposition ; were
E 6 they

they as much alike in those points as they are in their persons and accomplishments, such another perfect pair could not, I am sure, be found in Italy—You and the Conte might indeed boast of your nephews; and you have no reason to be dissatisfied now.”

“ Not with Lorenzo, certainly, for *he* is all that we can wish him to be—he is not to be *equalled*.”

“ Nor is Signor Duvalvin; do you think he is, my dear Conte?”

“ I hope *not*, Marchesa, by any one above the degree of a *mule driver*.—You must hear of his behaviour to-day. Lorenzo will tell you.”

“ *Another*

“ *Another* time—the music *now* demands our attention—the curtain is drawing up ; let us go nearer to the saloon.”

As they approached, the Marchesa enjoyed the astonishment of the Piantinis and Lorenzo when they beheld the child whom they had despised playing a concerto, accompanied by Duvalvin and several *noble* amateurs.—The youth, the beauty, and, above all, the brilliancy of his execution, rendered Enrico the wonder and delight of the whole company, except those who *felt* their *error* in having scorned him, particularly Di Rozzi, whose soul the sweetest notes could not harmonize ; mortification and jealousy scowled on his lowering brow—he bit his lips—he struck his clenched hand

hand against his forehead, and dared not encounter the penetrating eyes of the Marchesa. His aunt exclaimed,

“ O Lorenzo! why did *you* advise me to turn away that boy? *now* he is out of my reach—how foolish you were!”

“ Reproach me not—I told you the *truth*; your *pride* revolted against him, and I never contradict you —Frederic has made a fine story—he has presented that boy to the Marchesa. *He* has gained her favor, while *I* am laughed at for a tasteless fool, an inhuman brute. Let us leave the room—we shall be the derision of the whole company.”

“ Go, if you cannot command your temper—your aunt and I will *stay*; your
ridiculous,

ridiculous, violent behaviour is enough to make *you* the *derision* of the company. You have no discretion, Lorenzo; a little diffimulation will conceal our folly; we let ourselves be too much biaſſed by *you*, who take a pleasure in finding fault with your couſin Frederic; now your ill-nature is deſervedly puniſhed.”

“ My dear Conte, do not encroach upon my privilege; Lorenzo has given *me* permiſſion to correct his errors. Do not let my happineſs create either regret or diſpleaſure. You, Conte and Conteſſa, acted like prudent relations when you checked Duvalvin for introducing an improper object, as you imagined, into your houſe. Uncles and aunts muſt, *like parents*, preſerve their *conſequence*, therefore you have no reaſon to reflect

reflect on yourselves, or Lorenzo, who was eager to convince you how highly he regarded the *dignity* of his family. He will not so hastily condemn for the future; he comes *here* on purpose to receive lessons, and must take the *severe* with the *gentle*. Come, come, be cheerful, Di Rozèzzi, your *taste* is not injured in my opinion by this affair; had you heard Enrico play, you would not have *despised* him, I am sure. If you are dull and idle this evening, I shall be seriously angry with you. My concert will not be *perfect* unless *you* take your usual part in it. Let us sing my favorite duet, and enchant every body."

"*You can* indeed enchant! Your voice has already harmonised my soul—
will

will you ask Frederic to accompany us?
I cannot—I have offended him.”

“ Frederic loves you too well to be offended at trifles: I wish that you could hear how handsomely, how affectionately he always speaks of you. Go and ask him; your shyness will only confess a consciousness of having *designedly* offended him; behave to him as usual, and be sure to praise my little Orpheus, or *I will* be offended.”

Lorenzo obeyed the Marchesa, who had actually talked him into a good humour; and even the Conte and Contessa Pliantini were so pleased with *her* behaviour, that they were no longer dissatisfied with *their own*, and, upon ma-
ture

ture reflection, were delighted to see *both* their nephews so highly favored by the lovely Marchesa del Urbino, who now introduced Enrico to the company as the *nephew* of the celebrated Signor Arioni, and her *adopted child*.

The engaging boy, caressed, praised, and congratulated, received the compliments which were paid to him so gracefully, that he convinced the Marchesa and her guests he had been brought up in an elegant and liberal manner, and had been accustomed to be received in the politest circles.

Enrico discovered among the Gentlemen the person who had demolished his violin, and told the Marchesa, as she had desired him; he was the Conte Cassino,
proud,

proud, vain, and thoughtless, yet extremely generous, and fond of encouraging the fine arts; he had paid particular attention to the music, and had expressed his admiration of the pieces and performer to the Marchesa, who now led Enrico towards him, and said,

“ I think, my dear child, you must be mistaken, *this* Gentleman has so *much* taste, that even if he had had a fit of the spleen, these little skilful fingers would have charmed it away.”

“ He did not give himself time to listen, Marchesa; I know it was his hand that gave the blow for which I ought to be for ever grateful to him, as in that lucky moment the worthy Marco was
passing

passing by, to whom I owe the happiness I now enjoy."

The Marchesa found these speeches were not lost upon the Conte, by his embarrassment, he coloured—would have left his place without speaking—and when she laid her hand upon his arm to prevent his retreat, he looked so confused that she saw he was truly ashamed of his morning's transaction, and laughingly said to him,

" I came to reproach you, my dear Caffino, for letting some evil spirit have a momentary triumph over your taste and humanity this morning, but I see you condemn yourself, and will not add to the mortification you feel."

" I know

“ I know I acted like a madman ; I had met with something which vexed me almost to distraction ; if *that* will excuse me—I reflected, and was sorry—but when I left the coffee-house with an intention to repair the damage I had done, I could not find the injured boy—I have *now* found him, but it is *too late* ; I cannot convince him that I really meant to be generous—you, lovely Marchesa, are his patroness, and he wants *no other*.”

“ Your apology, Conte, is a sufficient compensation for your fault, and confers honor, not only on Enrico Arioni, but also on the Conte Caffino, who never appeared so amiable in my eyes as he does at *this minute*.”

“ You

“ You are very flattering, dear Lady, to a poor penitent.—Your hand, young Signor, and forget you *ever saw me* till we met in the Palazza del Urbino.”

“ I shall never think of the Conte Cassino without a wish that my performance may be honored with his approbation; and I shall ever remember with gratitude his liberal intentions towards me, though the benevolence of the Marchesa del Urbino renders the execution of them unnecessary.”

“ My sweet boy, though you do not stand in need of my patronage, you shall always find a friend in Cassino, who will think his concerts enriched by your talents, if the Marchesa, who often
graces

graces them with her presence, will permit you to play at them."

"Genius is given for a public benefit, therefore I should be unjust to the world if I confined Enrico's within my own walls; his is certainly extraordinary for his years, but, if not cultivated by skilful masters, assisted by his own diligence, it will soon cease to be a wonder. I shall endeavour to repair the losses he has sustained, by the recent deaths of his father and uncle, to the extent of my power; nothing shall be wanting that will comfort his affectionate heart, and improve a mind so capable of receiving instruction; the Marchese will be our friend and adviser, and I trust that we shall see Enrico improve as rapidly the

second

second ten years of his life as he has the *first*."

When they were out of the Conte's hearing, the Marchesa said to Enrico,

"As the Conte Cassino has excused himself in so handsome a manner, it is but generous, my dear child, to conceal his error, even from Signor Duvalvin; if it were to be mentioned it might occasion a quarrel, for the Conte is too proud to bear reproof, and Duvalvin is a warm defender of the injured; therefore never let him know it was Cassino who broke your violin."

"Be assured, Marchesa, I will not tell my dear patron what perhaps would a little prejudice him against a Nobleman whose

whose behaviour to me just now ought entirely to obliterate from my mind a thoughtless action, which was no sooner committed than repented."

As it was very late before the concert ended, Lorenzo and Frederic went home with the Conte and Contessa, who, fearing Duvalvin would reflect on their conduct in regard to Enrico, talked of various things, very opposite to their evening's amusement, and, as he joined in the conversation with his usual sense and spirit, they all parted for the night in apparent good humour with each other.

CHAP. IX.

The Bona Roba.

IN the morning Duvalvin sent Marco with the linen, and other necessaries he had purchased for Enrico, and the good man returned quite delighted with the kind behaviour of the Marchesa, who had conversed with him longer than usual, and also at the grateful and affectionate reception given him by Enrico, who imputed all his present happiness to the compassionate Marco, and *he* was much better pleased to see the amiable boy under the protection of the
Marchese

Marchese and Marchesa del Urbino than he would have been to see him in a house where pride, caprice, and illiberality predominated in the minds of almost all its inmates ; nor was Duvalvin less satisfied than Marco at seeing his little friend in such an advantageous situation.

Lorenzo asked Duvalvin, when the evening was far advanced, to accompany him to the Opera. They had not been long in the theatre before Lorenzo exclaimed,

“ By Heaven ! there is the lovely Corinna l’Abandoni quite alone in her box—come, Frederic, I will introduce you to her.”

“ You are *extremely kind*; Lorenzo, but I imagine any gentleman may introduce *himself* to that fair lady without much ceremony.”

“ You are mistaken; she is remarkably nice in the choice of her acquaintance; money cannot purchase *her* favours, because she is too rich to want any addition to the immense fortune left her by an old merchant, to whom she was married very young: since his death she has devoted her life to pleasure, it is true, but has never lost her consequence in the opinion of even her discarded admirers, as they knew interest could not bias her inclinations.”

“ In my opinion, Lorenzo, an unhappy creature whom *poverty compels* to
accept

accept a trifle to buy her necessary sustenance, is a far more worthy object than she who is induced by libertinism *alone* to live in a continual succession of criminal connexions."

"When your eyes contemplate the transcendant beauty of Corinna, when your ears are captivated by her matchless wit, you will think it sacrilege to call any thing that she does *criminal*. Come, you are unacquainted with the power of her charms; you must be a convert to them—it is scandalously ungallant to let her sit by herself—I heard her speak of you the other day in very flattering terms."

"So she will of a thousand other young men."

“ Will you come, Frederic? or are you afraid to trust yourself within the sound of her voice.”

“ I will attend you, and be gallant—I will admire her beauty, be enraptured with her conversation be it stupid or witty, and even condescend to wear her chains while they sit easy, for I see they are not *very* hard to be thrown off, as you are *now* perfectly *free* from them, or you would not be quite so desirous of presenting *me* to her.”

“ I do not comprehend what you mean.—I—I—”

“ You choose to be rather dull just at present, and *dullness* does not become you, Lorenzo.”

The

The cousins proceeded arm in arm to Signora l'Abandoni's box—She received Duvalvin with such an appearance of modest confusion, that he, despising her artificial behaviour, thought it deserved ridicule. He started back, and said,

“ I beg pardon; Signora, I see that I am an intruder, my presence is disagreeable and embarrassing to *you*, who no doubt wished to see Signor Di Rozezzi alone—I will take my leave.”

“ I am sorry that my reception of Signor Duvalvin should be so awkward as to require an explanation; if my looks and manners were so inexpressive, my tongue must correct their errors, and say that I am happy to see him, and that the momentary embarrassment I felt was

caused by the agreeable surprise of *seeing* him *unexpectedly*. Signor Di Rozezzi I imagine it is to *you* that I am indebted for this pleasure.”

“ Why, in truth, Signora, my cousin Frederic is a very bashful young man, and would not have taken the liberty to have entered your box without being introduced.—I have just recollected that I made an appointment with the Conte Cassino this morning; I must meet him immediately—Duvalvin will think himself honoured by being your protector, as it will be impossible for me to return before the Opera will be over.”

Di Rozezzi took his leave; and whatever might be Duvalvin's inclination, common politeness obliged him to stay
with

with Signora l'Abandoni, who entertained him with a conversation so spirited and interesting that he found his situation extremely pleasant, and supported his part of the dialogue with ease and vivacity, until his fair companion complained of a sudden indisposition—in a faint voice she entreated him to conduct her to her carriage.

Duvalvin obeyed without giving any great credit to the *reality* of her disorder, yet, as she was apparently too ill to be left alone, he stepped into the carriage without the least hesitation. She grew worse from the motion, although they went as slowly as possible. She reclined her head upon the bosom of Duvalvin, while his arm sustained her languid frame—She seemed in pain, and sighed

F 5

deeply

deeply—The gentle, compassionate Frederic was not prepared for this powerful attack on his sensibility—his expressions were soothing and tender, nor was it possible for him to resist the temptation of pressing his lips upon the beautiful face which rested so languidly on his breast; and he had not the least reason to imagine that the Signora was offended with him for taking such a liberty.

The elegant villa of Signora l'Abandoni was at a short distance from the city, and her extensive gardens and pleasure grounds gradually descended to the sea from the elevated situation of the villa, which commanded a grand and variegated prospect, still partially visible from the brilliancy of the night. When the carriage stopped at the gate, as the
lovely

lovely invalid continued too weak to support herself, Duvalvin carried her carefully to her dressing room, where she sunk from his arm on a superb sofa. She complained of being extremely faint—her female attendants were immediately summoned, and when they appeared, she thanked Duvalvin for his polite attention to her, and desired that he would let her carriage convey him back to the Opera-house, or to wherever else he might wish to go.

As it was very late, he accepted her offer, and now, for the first time, imagined that her indisposition was *not* feigned—After expressing great uneasiness at leaving her so ill, he entreated the permission of enquiring after her health the next morning. She bowed her

thankful acquiescence to his kind request, and with a languid yet bewitching smile, gave him her hand, which he kissed with tenderness, and wished her a good repose.

He threw himself into the carriage, and ordered it to the Castella di Pliantini, and during the whole way thought only of Corinna; for although he was perfectly acquainted with her character, he was not proof against her attractions—he suspected the snare that she had spread for his heart—her vivacity—her disorder—and the tender privileges which it seemed to authorize—and her hasty and ceremonious dismissal of him, were apparently the affected arts of a coquette; yet he resolved to visit her the next day, and felt rather an anxious curiosity concerning

cerning the reception he should meet with from her, which he endeavoured to shake off, for he scorned to be the slave of *any* woman, and particularly of one so liberal of her favours as Corinna l'Abandoni.

CHAP. X.

The Temple of Venus.

ABOUT the time that fine ladies are generally visible, Duvalvin was at the villa of Signora l'Abandoni: when he told his name, a servant conducted him through a labyrinth of the most aromatic shrubs, to a beautiful building surrounded by roses and myrtles; it was in the form of a temple, the cupola supported by pillars, on the top stood Cupid, a golden arrow just ready to fly from his bow; over the portico was engraved on a scroll, 'The Temple of Venus.'

Venus.' Duvalvin smiled.—As the day was very warm, the windows were all open, but curtains of crimson taffety entirely concealed the interior of this sacred place. When he entered, the luxuriant beauties that surrounded him seemed to announce it the real abode of the amorous goddesses; pictures, statues, the embroidered tapestry under his feet, the painted roof, *all* corresponded with the place they adorned. In a moment a curtain sprung up, and discovered a recess lined with mirrors;—here, on a sofa of crimson satin, covered with fine muslin richly ornamented with lace, lay the enchanting representative of the Cyprian Queen: her head was supported by several pillows, trimmed also with lace; a loose robe lightly shaded the delicate form around which it was wrapped, and
a garland

a garland of roses intermixed with bloomed myrtle, entwined the auburn ringlets that fell in profusion on the fairest neck nature ever formed—the transparent robe was confined just below the shoulders by bracelets of pearl—

Duvalvin was left to contemplate this beautiful prospect without restraint—the melody of the birds and the fall of a cascade had lulled her to repose ; a blue satin slipper had fallen off her foot that hung down, and a book had dropped from her hand—he took it up—it was Ovid—he gazed silently on the sleeping beauty, to whom the crimson curtains gave an artificial blush that heightened her charms. He knew the manner of his reception was designed, and imagined the slumber was only pretended.—Duvalvin

valvin despised art, but when it was made use of by a lovely woman to render herself still more enchanting in his eyes, he found it had the desired effect—love and admiration filled his soul;—bending on one knee, he ardently pressed her hand to his lips—she opened her eyes, and affected a surprise; then, recollecting herself, smiling said,

“ Signor Duvalvin, you are welcome—I expected you earlier—and, not having slept well last night, encouraged a gentle slumber to pass away the time.”

“ You have chosen a most enchanting retreat, where every thing conspires to charm the senses—I never was in such a delicious place—I never until *now* beheld a *living* Venus. I seem transported
to

to the love-breathing isle of Cyprus, and paying my adorations to the *real* goddesses.”

“ O ! how flattered I am to find that my temple has such a delightful effect on you ! It is, to be sure, a charming place, and contains the most elegant and convenient baths you ever saw, perhaps ; I will shew them to you presently. I am ashamed to think of the trouble which I gave you last night—can you forgive me ? I believe you have forgotten that I was so ill—I have heard no enquiries concerning my health from Signor Duvalvin.”

“ You must pardon me if, intoxicated with the odours and the beauties that surrounded me, and above all, the enchanting

chanting situation in which I found you, I forgot the *past* and could only be sensible of the transporting *present*, that gave you to my eyes in all the glowing charms of health and beauty.”

“ Come, thou engaging flatterer, and sit down by me—stay—put on my slipper first——Oh! Heavens! how very lazy I am! The breeze is rather too much for me—just touch that spring, and then sit down and read to me, mio caro Duvalvin !”

The enamoured Frederic took the Ovid—touched the spring as he was desired, and down dropped the curtain that *concealed* the recess.

CHAP. XI.

The impertinent Adviser.

AS Duvalvin had no particular engagement for the evening, he promised to attend a converzatione which the fair Corinna was to have at her villa, and only left her to change his dress, assuring her he would return by sun-set to walk in the gardens and groves, which he could then examine with pleasure.

He had not been long at home before Lucentio begged to have the honor of speaking with him in private ; Duvalvin
admitted

admitted him ; he entered with an affected air, and said,

“ Pardon the liberty I am going to take, Signor, but you want a little advice, and I am able to give you some of the best: you have just entered into a very dangerous intrigue, Signor, and you ought to have a faithful friend about you whose perfect knowledge of such affairs enables him to warn you of the dangers that attend them.”

“ Do not give yourself any uneasiness about me, Lucentio, I will endeavour to take care of myself.”

“ Ah ! Signor, you do not know the perils which attend the lovers of Signora l'Abandoni—while *one* is happy, *many*
are

are watching round her villa to take away the life of the favoured rival—he ought to have an Argus continually looking about to guard him from attacks.—Oh! how often have I preserved Signor Di Rozezzi! I wish he had resigned her to some other Noble, and not to you—for now, by Santa Maria! I cannot help having the same fears for you, without being at leisure to take care of you—unless you will ask my master to lend me to you just during your visits to the Signora; for what is Marco, poor creature!”

“ A brave and honest man, Lucenio—”

“ Very true, Signor, he *may* be so, but will he fly from one Palazza to another,

other, drink wine and game with the valets, and win by his art not only their money, but all their masters' secrets?—then—ha—ha—ha!—excuse me, Signor, but I must laugh—will he, while you are engaged with the lady, make love to her favourite woman, and find out all your rivals?—no, no, Lucentio is your only man for those things, and if Signor Di Rozezzi will but give me leave, I will serve you both most punctually.”

“ I thank you, Lucentio, for your good intention, but it will take up too much of your time to attend both my cousin and me; *one* of us must be neglected, therefore leave *me* to my fate; I have a strong arm and a trusty sword

sword to protect me from assassins, if I should ever meet with any."

" Strong arm ! trusty sword ! Ah ! Signor, of what use are they when a hired villain comes behind you, and burying his filetto in your back, leaves you to die upon the spot, or drags you to some unfrequented place, where your corpse may lie for months unseen—nay, perhaps, for ever!"

" I believe, Lucentio, that you are an excellent moral character, and want to intimidate me from affairs of gallantry, lest they may bring me to an untimely end."

" O no, Signor ! *some* amours may be
carried

carried on safely enough; but the famous Corinna l'Abandoni has caused the destruction of more young noblemen than all the bona robas in Naples. *This I know for a certainty.* Ah! Signor, I can tell you many strange things, I know more than you think I do; aye, and more than Signora l'Abandoni thinks I do.—I lived with her, you know, Signor—yes, and I took her fancy mightily—I was a very great favourite—the Signora was amazingly liberal to me till unfortunately a certain Prince beheld the favoured Lucentio with jealous eyes; a rival, in the house too, was alarming—the lovely Corinna, to preserve my life from his fury, was obliged to part with me, very much against her will I assure you; for I may say, without vanity, that nature had bestowed far

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more personal graces on the domestic than she had on the Prince: yet, altho' it was thought dangerous to exasperate royalty, I have been so superlatively happy as to preserve her favour and her confidence; yes, Signor, and the favour and confidence of *many* ladies of fashion in Naples who are young, beautiful, and *virtuous* also, in *appearance*; but they know that Lucentio may be confided in, they know that he will no more betray their secrets than their Father Confessor. Well, Signor, I will leave you to consider what I have said, and when Signor Di Rozezzi is dressed I will do myself the honor of waiting on you again, to know the result of your deep reflections, in consequence, no doubt, of the excellent advice I have had the felicity of giving you. Think of my experience,
of

of my talents; you cannot do without me, Signor, and I shall be happy to obtain the title of your confidant."

Lucentio bowed profoundly, fixing his eyes on a mirror which reflected his own figure; a figure in *his* opinion far superior to Duvalvin's; then, perceiving that he was not noticed, smiled contemptuously, and quitted the apartment.

The shutting of the door roused Duvalvin from a disagreeable reverie; he had not attended to the latter part of Lucentio's long speech; he thought only of l'Abandoni. He had been enchanted by her beauty, and elated by her caresses; he had anticipated the pleasure that he should enjoy while wandering about the Paradise which had just pre-

C 2

sented

sented itself to his view, accompanied by the lovely owner, whose character was forgotten until Lucentio said Lorenzo had *resigned* her, and boasted that he himself had obtained favours from her; *then* the gay scenes of bliss *vanished* from the eyes of Duvalvin; l'Abandoni's fascinating charms had lost their power, and his senses were restored. No longer a dupe to her well-feigned love, he resolved to break his appointment for the evening; when Lucentio left him he arose hastily, and said to himself,

“ No, no, I will *not* break my appointment; why should I not make an amusement of this affair? I do not seduce innocence; I injure no husband; nor shall I impair my uncle's fortune by
this

this connexion; l'Abandoni is above all pecuniary reward; surely I may drink from the cup of pleasure without being intoxicated. I will think of her as she really is, a lovely but inconstant woman: I will visit her while my visits are agreeable to us both, and be her *admirer*, not her *captive*."

"That puppy Lucentio! *Can* it be! no, it is *impossible*! His egregious vanity has suggested the infamous falsehood—I will not, I cannot think that *she* would stoop so low——Yet—well, well, it is no matter—The fellow's officious impertinence has restored me to reason as much as the most sensible arguments which prudence could dictate, and has impressed the character of l'Abandoni so firmly upon my mind, that her most

artful blandishments can *never* obliterate it."

Frederic Duvalvin, once more perfectly himself, now rung for Marco to dress him, and prepared for his visit to Signora l'Abandoni, with the same indifference that he would have done for the Opera.

CHAP. XII.

A Converzatione.

ALTHOUGH Duvalvin was accustomed to behold elegant gardens and sublime prospects, he thought that art never displayed more elegance, or nature more sublimity in any part of Naples than they did around the superb villa of Signora l'Abandoni, who had exerted her fine taste to give beauty and variety to every part of its extensive environs.

As they wandered through the fragrant groves, sometimes the bay, glittering with the reflected rays of the setting sun, dazzled their eyes as they wished to observe the stately vessels which glided swiftly through the brilliant waves.

Sometimes a majestic ruin terminated the vista, and invited them to take a nearer view of the venerable remains of former days.

Here, fields of ripening corn promised a golden harvest; there, a snow-white flock cropped the verdant herbage, while the shepherd, seated on a flowery bank, played upon his oboe wild, delightful strains.

Vesuvius, awfully grand, gave majestic
beauty

beauty to the scene without menacing destruction to all around it, while the bright roseate clouds swept gently over the *now* harmless summit.

Duvalvin was enraptured ! The earth, the sea, the sky, were adorned with their gayest charms, and one of the loveliest women nature ever formed hung fondly on his arm, and entertained him by a conversation so new, so varied, so replete with wit, taste, and judgment, that he dreaded the approaching moment when a crowd of rivals would interrupt his happiness.

At their return to the house she led him through a splendid suit of apartments brilliantly illuminated, in which tables were prepared for all the fashionable

games; and then, taking him into a small room at the end of the corridor, she said,

“ Now, my dear Duvalvin, you must stay here till the rooms are nearly full, then mix with the company as if you were just come in, when our behaviour must be polite and distant; if you were known to be a favoured lover, your situation would be dangerous, as your rivals are numerous and powerful; some of them I must *appear* to encourage, therefore do not let jealousy expose you to danger while I am endeavouring to shelter you from it by coquetting with men who are my aversion.—If you think it is impossible to conduct yourself with indifference, do not stay; we will never meet but in private.”

“ My

“ My lovely Corinna, I have lived long enough in the fashionable world to know the characters in it; therefore be perfectly easy upon my account; I shall see your coquetry in its *true* light, and not expose myself by ridiculous jealousy to the stilettos or swords of my rivals; nor would I ever see you in private, captivating as you are, if I thought those interviews would make me forget what is due to myself in public; hitherto I have been master of my passions, and even the *enchanting Corinna l'Abandoni* must not make me their slave.”

“ O proud philosopher! do not despise my power, lest I should be tempted to exert it, and humble you, *haughty* Frederic Duvalvin, who have the temerity to defy me, when princes,
G 6 forgetful

forgetful of their royalty, bend submissively to kiss my hand, and wisdom assumes the air of levity to court my smile. You know me not, Duvalvin—nobles—scholars—warriors, are my captives—my *voluntary* captives; they wish not for liberty—no, they *dread* it—so do *you*—Ah! mio caro! shall I set you free? No, I will not punish your affected pride so severely.—Adio—there are books and pictures to entertain you until it be time for you to appear.—I leave you with reluctance, mio caro Frederic, but I must receive my guests.”

She held out her hand—Duvalvin kissed it politely, not with rapture: Corinna was disappointed—she frowned; then, assuming a cold, contemptuous look, made him a formal curtsy, and
left

left the room, *not a little* piqued at his indifference.

“ Mistaken woman!” said Duvalvin to himself, “ it is not an exterior *alone* that can enslave *me*—Oh! were your mind as pure as your form is lovely, I should glory in being your captive—I should *love* you—*now* I can only admire your personal charms, which, perfect as they appear at the first transient glance, have lost all their brightest lustre;—resplendent virtue, humble modesty, perfect love, have long been banished from thy fair bosom; and alluring vice, unblushing vanity, artful coquetry, usurp their place, as baneful weeds will spring where once the fairest flowers have bloomed—O did those eyes beam love on me alone! did that soft, white hand
press

prefs only *mine*, I then might be thy *slave*, Corinna; but as I only *share* thy careffes; as I only make one amidst thy train of *equally favoured* admirers—I must be *free*, and will calmly behold my various *rivals*.”

Thus Duvalvin triumphed in soliloquy, and defied the power of l’Abandoni, whose villa he would have quitted immediately if curiosity to see what sort of company attended her converzatione had not detained him.

He examined the pictures which ornamented the elegant Boudoir; they all expreffed the power of beauty and love. The books alfo were calculated to inspire the foftest ideas, and fo were fome fonnets which lay upon the piano forte; he

he found that the fair enchantress would not suffer any thing likely to counteract her charms to appear *in* or *about* her abode, but was rather anxious to call in auxiliaries to them.

Duvalvin was not *long* obliged to remain in solitude, the rooms were soon full enough for him to join the guests, among whom he was at first greatly surprised to see many ladies of fashion and character, until he recollected that Signora l'Abandoni's immense fortune and high style of living made her private conduct not too closely investigated by those who were not *very rigid*, and he found in the course of the evening that there were many who chose to keep up appearances in their *own* houses, and
gaily

gaily throw off all restraint in *this* temple of licentious pleasure.

The gentlemen were mostly of the highest order of nobility, and the faithful votaries of beauty and love. The gaming tables remained unoccupied, the rooms were nearly deserted, while the company, tempted by the warmth of the night and the lustre of the moon, wandered in pairs about the garden, where many a fragrant bower invited them to rest awhile beneath their luxuriant foliage.

Frederic Duvalvin could not find amusement any where; he was not in a humour to converse, therefore he assiduously avoided those with whom he
were

were acquainted. Lorenzo he *wished* for, but *Lorenzo* was otherways engaged; with the *few* who sat down to play he did not choose to associate, as he knew them to be professed gamesters.

Corinna had been continually surrounded by a crowd: within a few minutes he observed it to disperse, and leave the Duke of V—— to the full enjoyment of her conversation, with which he appeared to be enchanted. This nobleman was neither young nor handsome, but he was a great favourite at Court, and held an exalted station in the army; the charms of l'Abandoni made him wish to entwine the myrtle with his laurels, and he flattered her that he would reward her indulgence to him by soliciting the King
to

to grant her letters of nobility ; and l'Abandoni was willing to purchase a title at any rate.

Duvalvin, who saw her conversing with the Duke without hearing the purport of their discourse, beheld rapture sparkle in her eyes, and the most captivating smiles play around her lips ; he beheld her give her hand to the Duke, who kissed it ardently, and led her out of the room.

This was too much for one who had only prepared himself to witness a *general* coquetry : he sat for some time in gloomy discontent, reflecting on her behaviour to himself and the Duke—then starting up, went into the garden, and taking the most retired walk, arrived at
the

the Temple of Venus, without being sensible whither he was going. He found this enchanting place superbly illuminated: weary, and out of humour, he threw himself upon a sofa, and ruminated on the difference between his morning reception and his evening entertainment, when, to his great surprise, the curtain before the recess flew up, and the Duke led l'Abandoni from it. Duvalvin arose hastily, and darting a look of contempt at the fickle beauty, quitted the temple.

He hurried back to the house, and called for his carriage—it was not arrived—he would not wait for it; he walked on insensible of the calm beauty of the night; he was displeased with
l'Abandoni,

l'Abandoni, yet far more so with *himself* for letting the conduct of *such* a woman ruffle him, and pettishly exclaimed,

“ What a fool I am to feel vexed and disappointed at the *inconstancy* of Corinna l'Abandoni! yet I flattered myself that I might possess her love for a few *weeks* at least, but she can change in a few *hours*—deceitful woman! It is a pity that such an angel in appearance should have a mind so *corrupted* by vice! I will never——Yes, I will see her *once* more, and let her see how I despise her conduct—I should have staid, and convinced her of my indifference by attaching myself for the evening to some pretty woman; that would have mortified her a little, perhaps, and I should have evinced
some

some spirit—My abrupt departure was ridiculous! I have acted like an idiot—”

CHAP. XIII.

The Cottage.

THE accents of distress roused Duvalvin—a young girl was running towards him in an agony of trouble—he stopped her, and asked,

“What is the cause of your affliction, my poor girl?”

“Oh Signor! my mother—my *dear* mother is dying, I fear—and I cannot get any thing to save her—I ran to the doctor—but he will not come with me,
he

he says, at this time of the night—nor will he give me any medicine for her, because I have not any money—Oh! my mother! must I see you die for want of help!”

“Where is your mother; my dutiful girl? I will assist her—I will give you money—where is your mother? Let us fly to her relief—”

“May Heaven bless, you, Signor! may Heaven for ever bless you! Here, just by, is our cottage—come, *come* and restore my mother to me, and I will regard you as an angel—”

The poor girl caught his hand; her own was cold and trembling; she led him down a little lane, and soon stopped
at

at a small garden—she opened a low gate—they passed along a flowery path, and entered the humble cot—neatness and gentility made it appear the abode of those who had seen better days; the girl said softly,

“ Stay here, Signor, my mother is lying down in the next room—I will see how she is—and then, if you will be so generous as to give me some money, I will buy a little wine, or whatever you think is best for her—”

Duvalvin had just quitted the splendid scenes of vice and elegance, and seemed now arrived at the humble retirement of virtue and simplicity; as he looked through the window, shaded by the fragrant jessamine, he was delighted at the
wild

wild beauty of the little spot it opened upon ; a clear rivulet meandered among a profusion of flowers, and gaily reflecting the moon-beams on its rippled surface, invited the eye to follow its glittering course.

Duvalvin sighed as it silently crept along, to think that the refreshing stream, the aromatic gales which gently swept around the cot, and the perfect cleanliness that reigned within it, should not be able to banish disease from the owner, when a faint voice said,

“ I am ashamed, Signor, that the inadvertency of my affectionate child should detain you—I beg pardon—but—I cannot intrude on the bounty of a stranger—I am very much indisposed at

present—and she was alarmed by my growing faint—I hope in a day or two I shall be better.”

The gentle Frederic beheld a delicate woman leaning upon the shoulder of the little girl—he took her hand, and leading her to a seat said,

“ Do not call me a *stranger*, my dear Signora—I have taken the liberty of introducing myself as a *friend*—my name is Duvalvin, I am nephew to the Conte Pliantini—your child has artlessly declared that a temporary distress renders her unable to get the necessaries you at present stand in need of—do not refuse the assistance that I am able and *willing* to give you; you seem to want refreshment—”

“ I do

“ I do indeed—but how can I trespass on your goodness?”

“ You will confer an obligation on me—it grows late—the houses will be shut up—tell that anxious child what she shall get for you; surely you will endeavour to live for her sake—what would she do without a mother?”

“ What indeed, poor orphan! Yes, benevolent Signor, I will accept your bounty——My child shall get me a flask of wine, and some bread.”

“ And shall I not fetch the doctor, my dear mother?”

“ No, my love; it is *sustenance*, not medicines which I require.”

“ For Heaven’s sake, have something *more nourishing* than bread. Dear Signora, I conjure you to take this purse, and have every thing which is necessary for a sick appetite—make no scruple, but depend upon my future friendship, and allow me to stay with you until the child comes back.”

“ Do, kind Signor, pray stay with my poor mother—then if she should faint again you will not let her fall—I will make haste back.—My dear mother, permit me to buy you a few eggs—we have lived only upon salad, fruit, bread, and water, since the cruel man took our poor hens from us.”

“ Well, my Paulina, you may take your little basket, and buy eggs, a loaf,
and

and some wine—there is a ducat.—
Signor, you never performed a greater
act of charity—I was sinking under my
distresses, and *you* will preserve me for
my child.’

“ Then I shall for ever bless the
lucky moment in which I met the af-
flicted Paulina.—Sweet child! her filial
distress was too interesting to be passed
unnoticed.”

“ Poor Paulina! When she saw me
a little recovered from my fainting, she
flew away to fetch the doctor, but the
innocent child forgot that money was
necessary.—Your kindness, Signor, has
so much revived my drooping spirits,
that I can tell you what has caused the
deplorable state in which you have
found me :

“ My husband was Captain of a merchantman, and unfortunately sunk with his vessel in a great storm, about five years ago—I then resided at Pozzuoli; but having a mother who was very dear to me living in this solitary cottage, I left Pozzuoli, and came to her with my only child, the little Paulina; and as I did not choose to be the least incumbrance to my mother, who had but a small pension, I maintained myself and child by making artificial flowers, drawing, and painting, in which I soon made my child capable of assisting me.—After a long illness, my mother died about two years ago; her pension ceased with her life, and I found myself rather involved by her illness and funeral, as, during my close attendance on her, I could not follow my little occupation so assiduously as
to

to make it a maintenance—my child too had a severe fever, which plunged me still deeper in distress—I struggled however to extricate myself from my embarrassments, and worked almost night and day to pay off the debts I was obliged to contract; and I could have done so in a little time, but unfortunately a rigid steward was impatient for the rent, and to preserve this beloved retreat I was obliged to give him not only all the money I had, but also my small stock of poultry—since when I have worked hard to finish some drawings and flowers; but alas! by living entirely upon vegetables and water, I grew too ill to carry them to the town in order to dispose of them, and my child has never gone so far by herself—”

“ And to whom, Signora, belongs that cruel steward? Unfeeling wretch, to take your poultry!”

“ He is the land steward to Signora l’Abandoni, who leaves the entire management of her estate to him—the ground is hers, but the cottage was built by my father when he retired from the fatigues of a military profession; he was in the King’s troops. *Here* I spent my youth—*here* I wish also, if possible, to spend my age.”

“ It is—it *shall* be possible—you shall have friends—your industry shall be rewarded—and your future days shall be made easy and cheerful—”

Paulina now entered with her little
basket

basket well filled, and pleasure smiling in her expressive face—she went affectionately to her mother, and said,

“ I *have* made haste—How have you been, my beloved mother? Better I hope. You look better—O! this *good* Signor! I am sure we will pray for him—perhaps he has not supped, and will eat an egg with us—do ask him—has not his own money paid for them? I have bought enough—and *two* flasks of wine. Are you *angry*, my mother!”

“ No, my dear child. You hear my Paulina’s request, Signor—will you honor us so far?”

“ If I can enliven you, I will stay; but I rather fear, as you are not well, that I

shall incommode you ; speak freely, my dear Signora, do not let me be an intruder.”

“ Generous Signor, my illness was occasioned by trouble ; *you* have kindly removed *that trouble*, and my health and spirits will return. You have snatched this dear child and myself from poverty, and my grateful heart will be relieved by expressing its thanks to our benefactor.”

“ What I have done is nothing—*that* purse I put into my pocket with the thought of losing the contents perhaps at play—luckily I did not sit down to any game, and it is *yours*. In the first case it would have purchased a slight amusement—now it has procured me *happiness*, by affording you and this dear child a
little

little assistance. Did you apply to Signora l'Abandoni when her steward was so rigid?"

"I did, Signor, but was not admitted to her presence—the answer I received was, that she could not be troubled with the complaints of her tenants, by whom she knew her steward would act justly."

"Thoughtless woman! who can revel in vice, luxury, and dissipation by the oppression of virtue and industry."

Signora Vinoni, for that was the name of the cottager, left Duvalvin to assist her daughter in preparing the humble repast; he amused himself with examining the decorations of the apartment he was in, and observed with pleasure the

taste and delicacy of the drawings, and the apparently natural beauty of shell and other artificial flowers which were dispersed around the room : his agitated mind was restored to its usual serenity, and he returned thanks to Heaven for enabling him to rescue the inhabitants of this humble dwelling from poverty.

Neatness and cheerfulness presided over their frugal meal; the conversation of Signora Vinoni was modest and sensible; her daughter's, artless and entertaining. Duvalvin never enjoyed a supper *more* than he did *this*.—It was late when he took his leave of the amiable cottager, on whom he promised to call the next day, and they expressed the most lively gratitude for his condescension and generosity.

CHAP. XIV.

Anxiety dissipated.

MARCO, who was at the gate, no sooner beheld his master, than he ran to him, exclaiming joyfully,

“ My master—my dear master, are you safe ? ”

“ Perfectly so, my good fellow. ”

“ Thank Heaven! thank Heaven! Your carriage returned without you, and your long stay since, Signor, alarmed me
for

for your safety, because Lucentio said the jealous Duke of V——”

“ What have I to do with the Duke of V—— or his jealousy? Lucentio is a fool—he talks without a meaning.— Is Signor Di Rozezzi at home?”

“ Yes, my dear master, and gone to bed; all the house is at rest except ourselves, or I should have gone out to seek for you.”

“ And where would you have sought, my good Marco?”

“ In all the bye-paths between this house and Signora l'Abandoni's. Ah! Signor, I wish—I *do* wish——”

“ What,

“ What, my friend?”

“ That you would not visit her again, my beloved young master; do not be angry with poor Marco, whose affection for you may seem impertinent, but Lucentio says—”

“ No more of Lucentio—I thought you knew him better than to mind what he says.”

“ I did not believe him, Signor, till your carriage returned from the very house. The servants said you were gone home—but you were not here, my master; and then when it grew so late, I could not help being very uneasy lest some accident had happened to you.”

“ I set

“ I fet out from Signora l’Abandoni’s—”

“ Ah! Signor, then you *were* at her villa!”

“ Yes, Marco ; so were three parts of the people of fashion in Naples, I believe—”

“ Oh! that is another thing—I did not know it was a public affair; forgive me, my dear master, I was mistaken: but why did you not wait for your carriage, Signor?”

“ I grew weary, and wished to be at home; and now, Marco, I see you long to know what has detained me so late—I will satisfy you.”

“ As

“ As you please, Signor, I am not curious.”

“ Yes, you are a little so, my honest Marco, from *affection*, not *impertinence*, therefore I will indulge you. As I was coming home very prudently, a pretty young girl stopped me on the road, enticed me into her cottage, where I supped, and gave all the money I took out with me for my entertainment—I have been perfectly happy, Marco.”

“ No, Master—no—not *perfectly* so; I know your heart too well to believe *that*—you are *too good* to enjoy *perfect* happiness unless you act rightly yourself and see others do so too. Could Signor Duvalvin see a young girl lost to all sense of virtue and modesty and be
happy?

happy?—if you *could*, how must your mind have been corrupted by three short visits to—to—”

“ To *one* whose character you have had from Lucentio, remember *that*, Marco—”

“ And also from public report, Signor.”

“ The *one* is no more to be credited than the *other*.—I will convince you, my dear Marco, that I am not so corrupted as to be indifferent about the opinion of a good man. I cannot let you retire with a worse than I deserve—therefore sit down, and participate in the happiness of Duvalvin.”

He

He then gave Marco a circumstantial account of the cottagers. When he concluded, the honest man exclaimed,

“ *Then* you are still Signor Frederic Duvalvin! still an angel upon earth, and Marco’s *own* dear master! How could I doubt you? Yet angels have fallen—and Adam was seduced by a woman; and the strong, the wise, the brave, the young and the old have been led astray by artful females; so I did not know what might have happened even to *you*, my beloved master, excellent as you are. Oh! how you have rejoiced my heart! I shall dream of the cottage, and the sweet little girl, and the sick mother; I shall hear their prayers and their blessings. Signor, will you let me buy them
some

some poultry to-morrow ; the little girl will be so delighted to feed them."

" You shall have the pleasure of witnessing that delight, my kind Marco—you shall also look out for an honest, discreet domestic for them, some decent reduced female, who will be glad of such a quiet situation, and relieve the delicate mother and child from the drudgeries which should not interfere with the elegant arts by which they maintain themselves."

" My sister, who is a widow, will be happy to live in such a comfortable retirement—she is humble and affectionate, and has no means of providing for herself but by service—shall I mention it to her, Signor?"

" By

“ By all means, before I say any think to Signora Vinoni—”

“ Vinoni! blefs my foul—is ſhe the widow of Captain Vinoni of Pozzuoli?”

“ Yes, the ſame—do you know her?”

“ No, Signor, but our little Enrico this morning enreated me to enquire for this very lady—*ſhe* is *his* aunt—ſiſter to his *mother*—he was lamenting that he did not know the place of her abode, as a correſpondence was carried on between his father and her by means of a merchant at Pozzuoli, from whom his uncle meant to get her addreſs, and to whom he muſt have written himſelf if I could not find her out. The ſweet boy ſaid, “ While I was in diſtreſs myſelf I would

would not have added to the troubles of my widowed aunt, who I know is not in affluent circumstances—now, perhaps, the amiable Marchesa will be *her* friend as well as *mine*, and my little cousin's too, of whom I have heard a great deal." Dear Enrico, how happy he will be to see them!"

" This is an unexpected affair indeed—I will go to the Marchesa's to-morrow morning, tell her the story, and ask her permission to let Enrico accompany me to the cottage; he will love his amiable relations, and they will find a patroness in the Marchesa del Urbino.—See Marco, the day begins to dawn, it is time to take some rest; in a few hours, my good friend, we will arise, and do what we can to promote the happiness of others."

CHAP. XV.

The Benevolent Resolve.

THE impatient Duvalvin was determined not to lose time; he longed to try the disposition of Corinna in regard to humanity, and was at her villa before she had arisen. Imputing his eagerness to the violence of his love, she could not have the heart to refuse him admittance, and said, as he entered her chamber,

“ I fear you will reproach me for my laziness—I am drinking my coffee in bed—come and take a cup with me.

You

You rude man, to pay me such an early visit, and after flying away as you did last night.—What possessed you, Duvalvin? I was in hopes you would have staid until my guests departed, and had ordered a little supper for only us two—I was disappointed.”

“ So was *I*—the public entertainment which you gave me left no appetite for a private one—I was *surfeited*.”

“ You were *deceived* by appearances, and jealous without a cause of the Duke of V——, to whom interest obliges me to be apparently civil—but surely you cannot possibly think that I prefer *him* to *you*, old and ugly as *he* is.”

“ You may give whom you please the
preference

preference—*your* passion for variety is *too well* known to surprise me—I am not come to solicit your *constant* love, because *that* is an impossible gift; this visit is not on my *own* account; no, Signora, I am come to plead for *oppressed* merit.”

“ Oh! Heavens! how ill that grave severity sits upon the brow of youth. You must take a pleasanter look, and a more agreeable manner, if you wish to plead *successfully* either for yourself or for others. Come, come, take some coffee, and be *yourself*—be what you were yesterday morning, and you shall command my heart and fortune—but frowning reproof can create only disgust; my soul disdains it, and *those* who presume to utter it—I would not have admitted you into my chamber had I

thought it possible that you would have assumed the character of a surly husband—Ah! how hideous! Come, mio caro Duvalvin!—look at me—speak fondly to me, and banish the horrid *matrimonial* idea from my mind.”

She took his hand, pressed it very tenderly, and looked at him with such a languishing, such a *fascinating* smile, that Duvalvin—once more found her power irresistible. Love and l’Abandoni triumphed over his reason, and the Duke and the cottagers were forgotten, until she said,

“ Now you are in good humour, my beloved Frederic, I will grant any thing you ask ; tell me for whom you wish to plead. Can *I* relieve oppressed merit—who is it that suffers by oppression ? ”

“ All

“ *All your tenants*, I fear, if I may judge by the rigour shewn to *one*. You trust to a steward, who oppresses the widows and orphans, and you will not condescend to hear their complaints. You tell the *lamb*s that the devouring *wolf* is just.”

L'Abandoni blushed—she knew the accusation was true, and that the benevolent Duvalvin must hate her for a conduct so unlike his own. While she was meditating what excuse to make, he went on,

“ Lovely Corinna, you are immensely rich—you give vast sums to priests for indulgencies—you wish to purchase a title—but neither the indulgencies nor the titles you can purchase will give you
1 2 such

such heart-felt bliss as benevolence bestows. To raise your fellow-creatures above want, to wipe the tear from the cheek of affliction, to make plenty adorn the cottage, and content enliven the mind, is an angel's office; it is *that* which will purchase prayers from hearts glowing with gratitude; pure and sincere, they will ascend to Heaven, and plead for you before the throne of mercy—while those you *buy* of priests are dull, cold, and useless. And what are titles? the highest that a monarch can bestow will only set the *faults* of the possessor in a *more conspicuous* view; while that which can be *self-created*—*Benefactor to the poor*—will *excuse*, even in the just eye of Heaven, a *multitude* of errors.”

L'Abandoni wept—she was ashamed
to

to think she had been so long insensible to distresses which she had such ample power to relieve, and said,

“Excellent Signor Duvalvin! you shall see the effect your conversation has had upon my heart. I have been *cruel* to myself and others, from thoughtlessness, not from a real want of charity.—I will visit every cottage on my estate, and make my tenants happy. It is to *you* that I shall owe a change so productive of *pleasure* to myself and others, of *real* pleasure. But I have not heard the particular circumstance which has led to this discourse—You mentioned oppressed merit; what do you mean?”

Duvalvin gave her the history of Signora Vinoni, to which she listened with attention; when he concluded, she said,

“ Poor woman! I know but one way that *I* can make her amends for my *steward*’s conduct, which was *too rigidly* just, and *that* is, to give her the ground she now pays for, a cow, and some poultry, also a sum of money to set her forward ; then she and her daughter will have time to finish their pretty works in a complete manner. You, liberal-minded Duvalvin, will take a pleasure in settling this business for me—and do have the goodness to excuse my former behaviour to her—I cannot see her myself yet awhile—I am not insensible to my faults—I will mend what I *can*—Alas! why am I not virtuous? I should not *then* feel abashed at appearing before an amiable cottager and her innocent child—but *now*, though rich, and her benefactress, I shall think she despises me.—Dear Duvalvin,

valvin, put me in conceit with myself—
say something to raise my spirits—”

“ You have *every* reason to be satisfied, my lovely Corinna, with the benevolent resolution you have formed; it does you honour—pure and permanent happiness will reward your generosity; and, by blessing others, you will yourself be blest; and never did you appear so charming, so interesting in my eyes as you have just now—the modest blush of self-accusation has glowed on your cheeks, the tears of compassion have adorned your eyes, the tender sigh of pity has heaved that lovely bosom—what beautiful proofs of sensibility !”

“ Ah Frederic! did *you* doubt my sensibility before you had *these* proofs ?—

sensibility has been the cause of all my errors—it has debilitated my mind—it has rendered me unable to resist temptation.”

“ Do not confound *true sensibility* with a soft, enervating weakness of the mind, my charming l’Abandoni ; the former guards the soul from every degrading passion, the latter benumbs its noblest feelings, and exposes it to the allurements of vice when it is not in a condition to withstand them.”

“ You are an excellent moraliser, and talk more to the purpose than ever Francisco my reverend confessor did ; yet, grave as the turn of those features are at present, it would be a pity to shade them with a cowl. Oh dear ! how long
I have

I have been serious—I am quite weary—give me that writing desk, and tell me how to write a deed of gift that will secure the land to your cottager—and here, *here* is a bag of money—give it to her; there is enough in it to purchase cows, poultry, and *sheep*, if she has a mind to turn shepherdes—but do not let her steal *my* shepherd from me.—Duvalvin! *Dear* Duvalvin! I must not lose you; the seeds of benevolence which you have sown in my mind will perish if you do not take pains to cultivate them. Wise *morality* will approve of your visiting me, when regard to the poor is your inducement; and *I* shall improve in good works if *you* are my instructor.”

“ You are a most engaging creature;

I 5

I am

I am sure *my* morality is not proof against *your* flattery. *There* is a copy of what is necessary; those few words will put Signora Vinoni into the possession of the ground belonging to her cottage; your signing them is enough. I wish that *you* could witness the joy with which she will receive this paper and your liberal gift of money—how you would be gratified!”

“ You must come back and tell me ; my pleasure will be greater to hear *you* repeat her thanks ; for indeed, Duvalvin, I fear it is only for the sake of your approbation that I am so generous, and not from a real regard to the widow and orphan of Captain Vinoni.”

“ Be the cause what it will, the effect
is

is glorious, and will reflect honour, whenever it is mentioned on Signora l'Abandoni."

" Ah! my Duvalvin, if the perfections that glow so pure and so bright in your bosom will communicate a little of their lustre to me, I shall glory in the reflection."

" Do not talk of perfection to *me*, my lovely friend, lest I should turn my eyes inwardly, and search for it in *vain*. Adio. I am impatient to execute the soul-enlivening commission you have honoured me with."

CHAP. XVI.

A Domestic Arrangement.

WHEN Duvalvin arrived at the little gate, he was surprised at the nice order of the garden, and the rich variety of flowers with which it was adorned; he anticipated the pleasure the careful owner would have when she knew that no rigid hand could snatch it from her.

Signora Vinoni, who saw him through the window, came out to meet him, with the smiling Paulina in her hand; he congratulated her on the restoration of her health,

health, which she gratefully imputed to his generous supply, and said she hoped to be able to go the next day to dispose of the flowers she had finished; but Duvalvin told her that she must not think of that yet, as a long walk would fatigue her too much. They now entered the apartment in which they had supped the night before; it was like an aromatic bower; flowers, real and artificial, were flung in careless and gay profusion around; the casements were open, and admitted the refreshing breezes which continually spring from the Bay; nor did the fragrant foliage that hung around the windows conceal its majestic beauty, or intercept the air, although it shaded the whole cottage from the heat of the sun, and sheltered a variety of birds that charmed the ear with their incessant warblings. Duvalvin said,

“ How

“ How delightfully you are situated! what rural simplicity furrounds this calm retreat, and how grand, how extensive are the prospects!”

“ It is a charming little place—my father took great pains to improve it, and wished very much to purchase the ground, but Signor l’Abandoni, who was avaricious to a degree, set so high a value on it that my father could not make it his *own*.”

“ I am just come from Signora l’Abandoni, who is extremely sorry that her steward behaved so rigorously, and says if you had *written* to her she would have made every thing easy to you sooner; but she hopes it is not too late to compensate for the trouble her domestic

meistic gave you, and desired me to give you this paper, which will secure you from *all such* difficulties for the future.”

——“ What is this! Can it be possible! Do I read right? Tell me, Signor, is this estate my *own*? the free gift of Signora l’Abandoni?”

“ It is, Signora; and most *freely* given by that generous Lady.”

“ Generous indeed! May Heaven reward her for it! and *you*, noble Signor, who must have pleaded most powerfully for me.”

“ The simple representation of the case was sufficient. She said your father ought not to have *paid* for adorning the
estate

estate with such a beautiful spot, and desired me to give you this sum to reimburse the money he *has* paid for it—the bag is marked 500 pistoles.”

“ Can all this be *real*! Surely I am in a dream—my Paulina, do *you* hear all this?”

“ O yes, I *do*, my dear mother ; you are *not* in a dream ; but I do not think this Signor is a *gentleman* ; no, no, he is a sylph—a genie—a fairy—or an angel who comes to bring us blessings—we never found a *man* so *good*—we never, I am sure, saw a man so beautiful—then he *speaks* so *like* an *angel*.”

“ Did you ever hear an angel speak, my little Paulina?”

“ Never

“ Never before last night; nor did I ever see one before—I have *read* of all those good beings, and have many times *wished* to *see* one, and I was praying earnestly to saints and angels for my dear mother, when Heaven heard me, and sent *you* to save her. By what name shall we pray to you when you return to Heaven; for in every distress *I* will pray to *you* for relief.”

“ My sweet little girl, I am afraid you have a very bad opinion of mortals in general, if you think *many* would not have acted by you and your amiable mother as I have done; and you know that she, who has seen more of the world than you have, does not take me for a supernatural being, though I have had the felicity of doing her some little service,

vice,

vice, which is perhaps *unexpected* but *not wonderful*, my dear Paulina."

" My mother, I am sure, thinks it is *very* wonderful; and she said, last night and this morning, that you were our good angel; and *now* you have done *more* for us.—O my mother! tell me—is he not a heavenly being—is *he not*?"

" For the sake of mankind, to whom this our kind benefactor is an honour, I must not let you think he is a supernatural being, my Paulina, though I believe he comes as near their perfection as is possible for mortality."

" I am indebted to your romantic imagination, my pretty flatterer, for the most elegant compliment I ever heard.

But

But now to be serious.—My dear Signora; I have taken the liberty of desiring my servant to call on me here; he is the best and most faithful creature in the world; I respect and love him; and this morning he told me his sister, who was just left a widow, was desirous of a comfortable servitude; I immediately thought of you, Signora, who certainly stand in need of a domestic—he is to bring her with him, and I hope she will merit your approbation—”

“ How considerate you are, Signor; and if I thought success would attend my industry, I should be happy to take an assistant *so* recommended; but if I should again involve myself—if illness should render me incapable of exerting my little talents, I should distress a faithful

ful servant, without being able to reward her.”

“ She will not be an expense to you, as she will give you more time to attend to the pretty arts you are mistress of, and to the instruction of *this* your engaging pupil; she will also, by saving you from too much fatigue, preserve your health. Take courage, Signora, this sum will set you enough beforehand to keep you in a state of independence; and as your beautiful performances are more known they will recommend you to the notice of ladies who will patronize both you and your dear Paulina.”

“ What a comforter you are!—persuasion dwells on your lips—excuse me for having fears which to *you* must appear
simple

simple—but you have not known the pangs of being in debt, and the agonizing struggles of maternal exertion to preserve a child from want—these I have long been accustomed to—can I forget them in an instant?—no, Signor, the dread still hovers over my mind, while I can scarcely believe the reality of the blessings which so suddenly are bestowed upon me.”

“ My honest Marco is trying to open the garden gate—will you admit him, my pretty Paulina?”

Paulina flew to open the gate, and presently returned with Marco and his sister, a well-looking, middle-aged woman.—Marco gazed at Signora Vinoni and her daughter with delight, and with surprise
and

and admiration on all around him—then turning to his master, he said,

“ This is my sister Bianca, Signor—she will think herself very happy if this lady will employ her, and I will answer for her fidelity.”

“ You shall find me humble and industrious, Signora—and I shall think myself in a Paradise in this sweet place, if you will have the goodness to let me live in it.”

“ If you can prefer comfort to profit, my good Bianca, you are welcome to a home where content must supply the place of plenty.”

“ You are very kind, Signora; *content*

tent will find *plenty* in a *little*, and comfort is great riches.—But I have a family, Signora, will you permit me to bring them with me?”

“ That will not, I fear, be convenient to Signora Vinoni; you did not tell me that your sister had children, Marco.”

“ No, Signor, I could *not* tell you any such thing—yet she has a family that the thoughts of parting with afflicted her to tears—she has two cows and some poultry that she told me this morning she must sell either if she *did* or did *not* get a place; but you know, my dear master, what I was to do—so I soon comforted poor Bianca with the pleasing hopes of still milking her cows and feeding her poultry, if the Signora will let her bring them here.”

“ I will

“ I will purchase them with pleasure ; you shall not be parted from your useful family.”

“ No, Signora, no, I have no reason to sell them if you will give us all leave to live with you—that will make me happy indeed, to have the poor things my *own* still ; if you, Signora, can make it convenient to find lodging, pasture, and food for them, I will be bound for it the good creatures will maintain us all—we shall have plenty of milk, eggs, and chickens, without *buying* any.”

“ I have excellent pasture, and every conveniency for cattle and poultry, my generous Bianca ; but it is not right that *yours* should supply myself, my child, or even *yourself*, while you are in *my* house, unless you let me pay for them.”

“ Say

“ Say no more about paying, Signora; is it not enough that you will take us home to you, and make us happy? I wish for no more; pray do not talk again about paying—it distresses me—”

“ You must indulge the good Bianca, Signora; she is like her brother, I see, who is often so obstinately *in the right* that I am forced to give him his way—if they form their ideas of happiness contrary to the generality of the world, let us not check the pleasing novelty, lest we should prove that our sentiments are less liberal than theirs—”

“ Well, Signor, I will not contend with the disinterested Bianca; she and her family shall be welcome upon her *own terms*.”

“ Heaven blefs you, kind Signora, and fend you health and prosperity: I will do all in my power to oblige you and your dear child, and I hope you will find me as deferving of your love, as I fhall be happy in obtaining it; I can come this evening, if you please, Signora—.”

“ You may, Bianca, as foon as you will, and bring whatever you choofe to keep along with you.”

“ Ah, Signora! you have made my poor fifter very happy, and I am fure fhe will be grateful—I know Bianca’s honeft heart. Can you fpare me, my mafter, to affift my fifter? fhe has no friend but me now—”

“ Yes,

“ Yes, Marco, you shall have the whole day; Bianca stands in need of your assistance more than I do. To-morrow morning I shall do myself the pleasure of inquiring after your health, Signora, when I hope I shall find you perfectly satisfied with your domestic arrangement.”

Duvalvin returned to l'Abandoni, and expatiated on the happiness she had conferred on Signora Vinoni, whose gratitude he expressed in such glowing terms that Corinna shed tears of joy, while her heart expanded to sensations *new* and delightful.—She was accustomed to flattery—one lover echoed the adorations of another, and her wit and beauty were the theme of every man she admitted into her house; but Duvalvin had

taken a more effectual way to charm her; he inspired her with a love for virtuous deeds, and delicately gave her the credit of them without arrogating the least merit to himself—he praised the excellence of her heart, the generosity of her behaviour to the widow and orphan—he brought her their thanks and their blessings—how *new* was this to l'Abandoni ! She was resolved to continue the pursuit of an enjoyment so beneficial to others—so gratifying to herself—an *enjoyment* on which she could reflect with pleasure, while she felt the bliss of self-approbation, and exulted in rendering herself deserving the approbation of her *now* almost adored Duvalvin.

As she was engaged to visit one of the ladies who was at her converzatione
the

the evening before, Duvalvin returned home, not sorry at having it in his power to go to the Palazza del Urbino, and had the persuasive Corinna been disengaged he would have wanted the resolution to have left her, notwithstanding he wished to tell the Marchesa that he had found Arioni's aunt, and to solicit her patronage for that amiable woman and her daughter.

He had avoided mentioning Enrico at the cottage, and had cautioned Marco to do the same, as he promised himself some pleasure in introducing them to each other without any previous notice on either side.

CHAP. XVII.

Jealousy.

WHILE Frederic Duvalvin was gently bending the hitherto thoughtless heart of l'Abandoni to beneficence, Lorenzo di Rozezzi scarcely quitted the Palazza del Urbino, where he exerted all his art to inflame the heart of the Marchesa with a criminal passion for himself and jealousy of his cousin; he took every opportunity to say the most tender things, but her partiality for Enrico was very disagreeable to him, as she kept that youth continually with her.

Fortune,

Fortune, however, favoured him with a few lucky minutes; the Marchese sent for Enrico, and Lorenzo found himself alone with the object of his adoration, who, before she gave him time to speak, said,

“ I thought Signor Duvalvin would have been here this evening; I have not seen him since he brought me the dear little Enrico—what is he doing himself, can you tell me, Di Rozezzi?”

“ Acting the character of Rogero with the enchantress Alcina—or, to speak seriously, devoting all his time to the too fascinating Signora l’Abandoni, who holds him so fast in her chains that he cannot, or rather *will* not free himself; in short, he is lost to us all, and

makes my uncle and aunt very uneasy for him.”

“ Why so? do they love him better than they do you, Lorenzo?”

“ I flatter myself they do not.—But why, lovely Marchesa, do you ask that question?”

“ Because Duvalin never told me that they were uneasy about *you* when you were exactly in the same predicament.”

“ *I* in the same predicament! no, no, it is not in the power of such as *l'Abandoni* to fascinate *me*; but Frederic is absolutely her *dupe*, and I fear will, if he goes on as he has begun, be her *sacrifice*

fice—his inconsiderate conduct will expose him to dangers which he is too careless to guard against.”

“ I suppose you are alarmed lest he should fall a victim to the jealousy of l’Abandoni’s lovers, who must think him a far more potent rival than they did you, if they do not let him escape as safely—no poison was mingled with your wine—no bravoës were hired to assassinate you—here you *are*—free and uninjured, and he will be as safe if they do not think him of more consequence.—Di Rozzi, you are disconcerted to find that I am not alarmed for your poor cousin Frederic—no, I am perfectly easy on his account, I assure you—and, as I can *read hearts*, know that you are so also.—Lorenzo, if you are his *friend*, he has *no enemy*.”

“ Why that *if*—can you doubt me?”

“ Most certainly I do—and if any accident should happen to Duvalvin, I shall suspect—Di Rozezzi—”

“ If *you* still slight my love—if, madened by the stings of jealousy, I shall forget the ties of blood—the friendship of our early years—and destroy Duvalvin. Remember it was you—you, most charming Marchesa, who instigated—who *forced* me to a deed my soul abhors.—I cannot exist without your love—nor will I let Duvalvin exist if he robs me of it—You *say* you can read my heart, *do*—and save your darling from my revenge—I am not a cold, Platonic lover—I am not a fluttering fop, who whispers love in your ear while his heart

heart is insensible of the passion his tongue declares—no—the soul of Lorenzo di Rozezzi glows with a destructive fire that *you* alone can render harmless—let it not blast my youthful days—let it not consume those of Duvalvin.’

“ My dear Lorenzo, moderate the violence of your temper. Can I love a madman? can phrenzy soothe my heart to tenderness?—this behaviour may create terror and disgust, but it *cannot* inspire love—recollect yourself—calm the storm in your breast, and let your reason tell you that if your humble solicitations cannot win the Marchesa del Urbino, she is not to be intimidated by your threats. I shall leave you to your own reflections *now*—nor do I ever wish to see you, Signor di Rozezzi, in such a furious humour.

The Marchesa left him too much agitated to speak; he was sensible of his error—he cursed himself—Duvalvin—l'Abandoni, and even the Marchesa—he rushed out of the house like one frantic, and sought the gloom of a thick wood that lay at some little distance behind it—he threw himself on the ground—his brain throbbed—his blood boiled—his soul was tortured—he started up—he drew a dagger from his bosom—he gazed upon it for some time in all the agony of despair—then turning the point from him, exclaimed with a look of fury,

“ No—Duvalvin shall *not survive* to triumph—to enjoy my fortune—to possess Del Urbino—no—he *shall* not—this dagger must avenge me— *I adore*
Del

Del Urbino—and *she* loves Frederic—
l'Abandoni loves him too—yes—better
—*far* better than ever she loved me—
pride—jealousy—ambition—frenzy, *all*
urge me to destroy him—I *will*—when!
—no matter—some time or other—soon
—before the Marchesa confers the
blessing on *him* that she denies to *me*—
Yes, cruel woman, this dagger shall
pierce the heart you prize so highly—
Lorenzo cannot let you flight him un-
revenged—It is *resolved*—My mind
grows calm—Ah! what do I see? Du-
valvin—the Marchesa hanging fondly
on his arm—smiling in his face—and
only the boy Enrico with them; who
plays around unheeding what they say.
No doubt they talk of *me*—sport with
my agony—did I want *this* sight to curse
me more—to excite my vengeance!—

Now

Now—*now* I could plunge the dagger in his bosom—yet, why forfeit my *own* life—no—I will live *unrivalled* by *Duvalvin*—They shall not see me—I am not in a temper to converse with them.—Oh! Del Urbino! your irresistible charms have destroyed my peace—Love, like a gay and harmless flame, *played* in my heart till *now*—Ah! now it rages with impetuous fury, and, like the fatal fire which bursts from yonder dreaded mount, consumes my better thoughts, and leaves a gloomy chaos in my bosom.”

With quick and unequal steps the truly unhappy Lorenzo hurried away from the Marchesa and his cousin, and went directly home; where, finding the Conte and Contessa alone, he made his
uneasiness

uneasiness for Frederic's indiscretion and danger an excuse for the melancholy he did not strive to conceal: the Contessa, who could not bear to see her darling in affliction, said,

“ But why should Frederic's folly distress *you*, my beloved Lorenzo? I cannot bear to see you look so grave—thank Heaven, let what will happen to that unfortunate boy we have *you* to comfort us, and to be a worthy inheritor of your uncle's fortune. Do pray, mio caro, say something to comfort the kind Lorenzo, whose affectionate heart feels such an amiable interest for his worthless cousin.”

“ Yes, my love, I will comfort the poor fellow, who is crying because Frederic

deric has stolen his play-thing. Never mind, Lorenzo, you can easily buy another—How often have both you and your aunt despised poor Frederic, because he was not a man of spirit and gallantry; yet now he quits his blind mules and beggars to amuse himself with a famous *bona roba*, you pretend to grieve for him, and the Contessa calls him worthless. I believe that there is only *one* thing he can do to please either of you.”

“ And pray, mio caro, what *one* thing is that?”

“ He must *die*.”

“ O Santa Maria, what an idea!—How can you have such an opinion of
me

me and Lorenzo? Fie, mio caro, I am quite angry with you; but I see you love Frederic, though he despises you, better than you do me and Lorenzo, who idolize you—I cannot bear such partiality to him and unkindness to us! it wounds me to the heart.”

“ My beloved aunt, how these tears distress me. O my dear, my revered Uncle! do not afflict the most amiable wife in the world, who adores you, and whose only dislike to my cousin springs from his too conspicuous disrespect for the best and most generous of Uncles—indeed you do not know him, he imposes on your noble, unsuspecting disposition—how then can my aunt and I love the unnatural Frederic, whom, if we revere you, my excellent Uncle, duty compels

compels us to *hate*—I feel myself greatly disordered—I must retire——”.

Di Rozezzi knelt before the Conte and Contessa ; he took both their hands in his, and pressed them very tenderly to his bosom and to his lips; the Contessa said,

“ Lorenzo! my dear Lorenzo! your sensibility is too great, it will injure your health—do not leave us—give us your company at supper.”

“ Do, my dear boy, and let me have the pleasure of seeing you cheerful—believe me I did not intend to vex either your aunt or you, my Lorenzo ; no, I doat on you both, you are the comforts of my life :—Frederic is a stranger to me
compared

compared to you ; let him not be mentioned this evening—we will be happy. Come, my angel, forgive your caro sposo.”

The Conte Pliantini embraced his wife and nephew, perfectly convinced of their vast affection for himself, and of their sincerity in regard to Duvalvin ; and implicitly believing what they said of his disrespect, was greatly exasperated against him.

CHAP. XVIII.

An interesting Discovery.

AS the morning was very temperate and beautiful, the Marchesa walked to the cottage, accompanied by Duvalvin and Enrico, without having mentioned Signora Vinoni to her nephew.

They found the amiable mother watching the expanding genius of her attentive child, who was drawing a light and elegantly blended bunch of flowers from nature. The Marchesa said,

“ I should

“ I should think it a sin to disturb you, Signora, if I did not know that it is in my power to introduce yourself and lovely daughter to those who will not be insensible of your merit. Signor Duvalvin has brought me here to see some performances with which he is delighted—I hope it will not be intruding too much on your time to request the indulgence of seeing some of them.”

“ I am sure that the Signora will think herself honoured by such a request from the Marchesa del Urbino, whose taste is so highly spoken of and followed.”

“ The bringing the Marchesa del Urbino to my humble abode is doing me an unexpected honour, and adds greatly to the obligations already conferred

ferred on me by Signor Duvalvin, whose kindness has, I am sure, far over-rated my little talents."

During the time that Signora Vinoni was speaking to the Marchesa, and selecting what she thought most worthy the inspection of her elegant visitor, Enrico was indulging a curiosity natural to his years, and examining the views and flowers which adorned the room; he asked Paulina many questions, and bestowed great encomiums on those pieces that she told him were of her own doing, and appeared particularly delighted with her portrait; pleased with his praises, she said,

" I copied that from one which my mother painted a little while ago, to be
a com-

a companion to the portrait of a cousin which greatly resembles you—I have begun his—I wish it were finished—but *I wish more* that my dear cousin were *here.*”

“ Your cousin is very happy to be so wished for—does he reside in Naples?”

“ Ah! no—perhaps he is dead!—I never saw him—yet his picture, and what I have heard of him made me love him very dearly—I wish *you* were he, young Signor; but you are of a noble family, no doubt.”

“ Indeed I am not—I am a poor orphan, patronized by the Marchesa del Urbino, to whom the generous Signor Duvalvin introduced me.”

“ Then

“ Then *he* is *your* good angel, as well as *ours*.—See, Signor—this is my cousin’s picture—I have been working on the copy this morning, but I cannot shew you *that* till it is finished.”

“ What am I to think? where am I? in whose house? This is my *own* picture.”

“ Yours—*yours!* are *you* my cousin Enrico Arioni?”

“ I am indeed—and *you* are Paulina Vinoni, the beloved cousin whom I have so often longed to see—my aunt, my *dear aunt.*”

“ O my mother! see—*he* is our little Enrico—how like his picture!”

Signora

Signora Vinoni fondly embraced her nephew, to whose conversation with Paulina the Marchesa and Duvalvin had made her attend; he hung upon her neck, his joy was inexpressible—delight sparkled in the lively black eyes of Paulina, who, throwing her arms around them both, said,

“ You shall love him, my mother—I will share your affection with our dear Enrico—he shall be my brother—will you, Enrico?”

“ Yes, my beloved Paulina; you and your dear mother are all that are left to me—I have no kindred tie but you—death has broken all the rest. Sister of my mother, accept my filial duty and affection; and you, my Paulina, the
VOL. I. L warmest,

warmest, tenderest love a brother ever gave a sister."

" My child ! my dear son ! we have longed to see you ; that picture which my brother sent to me, and his letters concerning you, have made us acquainted with you, my Enrico—but we are rudely selfish, our mutual transport at this happy meeting has rendered us too long forgetful of the respect due to our noble benefactors——"

" Dear Signora, talk not of respect, which is cold and insignificant, when I have been enjoying warm, substantial delight ; so, I am sure, has Signor Duvalvin ; we anticipated this felicity, and it has fully answered our expectations. And now, my dear Signora Vinoni, I am
going

going to entreat a great favour of you."

"The Marchesa del Urbino may command me."

"Before our beloved Enrico found *you*, his second mother, the Marchese and myself received him to our bosoms with parental fondness, and a determination to promote his future interest and fortune to the utmost of our power. Our first design is, to have him instructed by the ablest masters, under our own eyes, in every thing necessary to complete an education so well began, and to form his manners ourselves to all that will make him respected by the world; for these reasons I hope you will permit him to reside with *us*. You shall have

him often with you, and visit him whenever you please. I shall be happy to see you and the dear Paulina frequently at the Palazza del Urbino."

" Generous Marchesa! I should be my nephew's greatest enemy if I could wish to immure him in my poor cottage merely to indulge a foolish fondness for his society, when all his future hopes depend on your patronage. May he ever deserve it! Happy Enrico, to meet with such noble friends!"

" And now, Signora Vinoni, to soften the hours of absence, will you let him have those beautiful views of this charming cottage and its environs, and also the portrait of Paulina which Enrico now holds in his hand; these will be
great

great treasures to us, if you will have the goodness to spare them."

"The request is so indulgent to us all that it deserves our most grateful thanks. Paulina shall give them to her cousin, who I see has affection enough to value the gift, because they are her *own* performance."

"I shall *value* it indeed, my kind aunt! but I see a lute, can my cousin play, and can she sing?"

"A little, my dear boy; just enough to amuse herself and me; I have instructed her to the best of my poor abilities."

"Oh! will she favour us with a little
L 3 air?"

air? My noble friends will you entreat her—she will oblige you.”

“ Not sooner than she will her cousin Enrico, I am sure : come, my dear Paulina, with your mother’s permission, indulge us with a specimen of your musical abilities—Signor Duvalvin and myself will be happy to hear you,”

“ Take your lute, my child, and sing the lines you thought of while you were copying your cousin’s picture. Partial to my daughter’s poetical attempt, simple as it is, I have composed music to it as simple; novelty will be its only merit; therefore, my Paulina, in obedience to the request of our generous patrons, you must do your best—they will be indulgent—take courage, my child.”

Paulina,

Paulina, blushing modestly, took down her lute, and sang the following

AIR.

While thus I trace the work of Art,
I long, O Nature! long to see
The real form—the real face
That owe their genuine charms to thee ;

Yet if this lov'd resemblance grows
Each day more priz'd, more dear to me,
Then Nature say, if e'er he come,
What will the *true* Enrico be ?

“ Loved and prized, my Paulina, far more than my picture, I hope. My *aunt*—my *cousin*—gratitude, wonder, and delight fill the soul of your happy Enrico !”

“ My dear Signora, your daughter's voice does great credit to the charming

music with which you have adorned her very interesting words. I do not wonder Enrico is enchanted.”

“ Nor do I—he has met with souls congenial to his own, attuned to harmony. Paulina’s voice promises to be one of the finest in Italy, and deserves every assistance that art can give it.”

“ And that assistance it shall have, Signor Duvalvin, if her dear mother will permit her to come to my house and take lessons, as *there* the masters will be more attentive. Have you instructed Paulina regularly, Signora?”

“ I have, from her earliest years; but, generous Marchesa, Paulina has no fortune—she must earn her bread—hitherto

to

to music and singing have been made an amusement, a pleasing relaxation from our business; but to make her a proficient in them will, I fear, encroach too much upon the time she ought to spend in more essential vocations."

" You talk like a very sensible and modest woman, Signora Vinoni—I respect and love you; but Signor Arioni has been introduced to his Majesty, who in respect to the great talents of his uncle, and as an encouragement to his own, has appointed him one of his band of musicians, and settled a very liberal pension on him; I must ask him, therefore, if he were of an age to act for himself, what he would do for his aunt and cousin."

" O!

“ O! every thing—*every thing* that was in my power to render their lives easy and happy—they should not work for their living—Oh! no, no—I would work for them.”

“ Well, my dutiful boy, then as the Marchese has undertaken to be your guardian till you are of age, he shall, with your consent, settle a part of your pension upon your aunt; sufficient to maintain herself and Paulina in the manner you wish them to live. You will not, I am sure, refuse to accept this trifling mark of affection and duty from your sister’s son, my dear Signora, nor will you refuse me the pleasure of taking the charge of your Paulina’s education, which only wants a *finish*—your care has, I believe, left an easy task to both masters

ters and scholar in every thing that is to be performed now.”

“ O my revered, my beloved Marchesa! how happy you have made your Enrico. My aunt! my *dear* aunt, condescend to share the fortune of *your sister's son*. There are but we three—*only* we three left—shall *we* have a *divided* interest? O no! *you* are my *mother* now—I am your *son*—if *I* had come a beggar to your door, would *you* not have taken me in? would you not have called me your child? Yes; and I know my Paulina would have shared her food with me.”

“ Yes, Enrico, even when we had but *little*, *you* should have had the largest part. I do not wish you to be a beggar, my beloved cousin; yet if you *had* come
so

so poor to us, you would *then* have known how *very dearly* we loved our Enrico, and I hope you do *now* know it, my kind brother!"

"I hope you *do*, my dear child—I *will* share my Enrico's fortune, since by doing so I see that I can convince him of my maternal affection; and still *more willingly* would I have shared my pittance with him had he come to me in distress. To *you*, generous Marchesa, and to *you*, benevolent Signor Duvalvin, we owe our happiness, and I can only shew my gratitude for all the benefits you have conferred on us by a ready and humble compliance with every thing you think proper to suggest for my childrens' future benefit."

"That

“ That is enough—their interest shall be dear to me—Signor Duvalvin and I will now bid you good morning: Enrico shall stay all day with you—he has much to tell you—I will send for him at night. You must give me leave to visit you often, my dear Signora, for I am enchanted with the rural beauty of this charming retirement.”

The Marchesa had ordered her carriage to fetch her, and wait at some little distance from the end of the lane; as Duvalvin led her to it she said,

“ What a blissful morning this has been—how happy you have made me, my dear Duvalvin—O that delightful cottage! I shall always think of it with rapture.”

“ How

“ How sensibly your generous heart feels the blessings you bestow, lovely Marchesa!”

“ It is to you I owe the *gratification* of the sensibility you compliment me with—did you not lead me to that charming cot, where I am sure our pleasure was mutual—*your* sensibility equals mine.”

They now arrived at the coach, and during their ride they talked of nothing but of the amiable cottagers.—The Marchesa would have engaged Duvalvin for the rest of the day, but he had promised to spend the evening with Signora l'Abandoni, and he excused himself in rather a hesitating manner—engagements which he was ashamed to confess
were

were *new* to Duvalvin—the Marchesa observing his confusion, said,

“ I pity you, amiable Duvalvin.—When an excellent heart like yours is betrayed into errors, it feels far more uneasiness than one less perfect would upon a similar occasion ; but then it soon extricates itself gloriously from the trammels of indiscretion—so will yours ; therefore do not despair, my dear Frederic ; *perfection* cannot belong to mortality.”

Duvalvin coloured, and silently took his leave of the Marchesa, full of respect and admiration for her, and contempt for his own weakness, which compelled him to give up *her* elegant and improving conversation to keep his appointment
with

with l'Abandoni; yet *so* it was—Duvalvin found that his passions had overpowered his reason, and rendered it at present unable to dissolve the charms of a beautiful enchantress, who had exerted all her art to make *him* feel that they were irresistible.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.



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